

JANUARY

No. 19

NATIONAL



10¢

COMICS

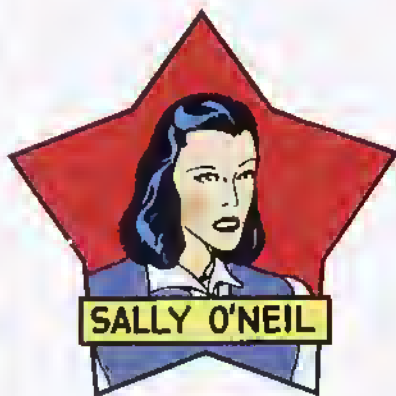
UNCLE SAM

With **BUDDY** in

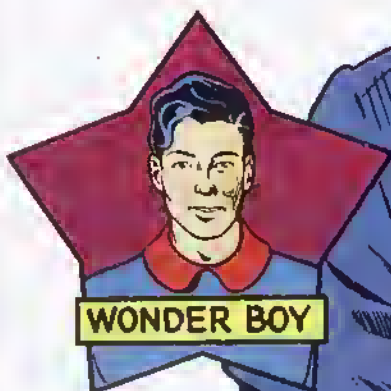
"The Black Fog Mystery"



QUICKSILVER



SALLY O'NEIL



WONDER BOY



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Superman", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". The art style is characteristic of classic American comics, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight shadow effect, making it stand out prominently against the colorful background.

JANUARY

No. 19

NATIONAL

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

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10¢

COMICS

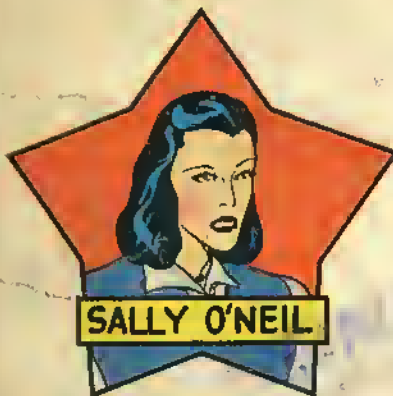
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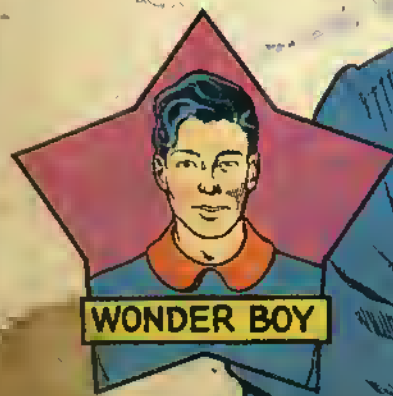
"The Black Fog Mystery"



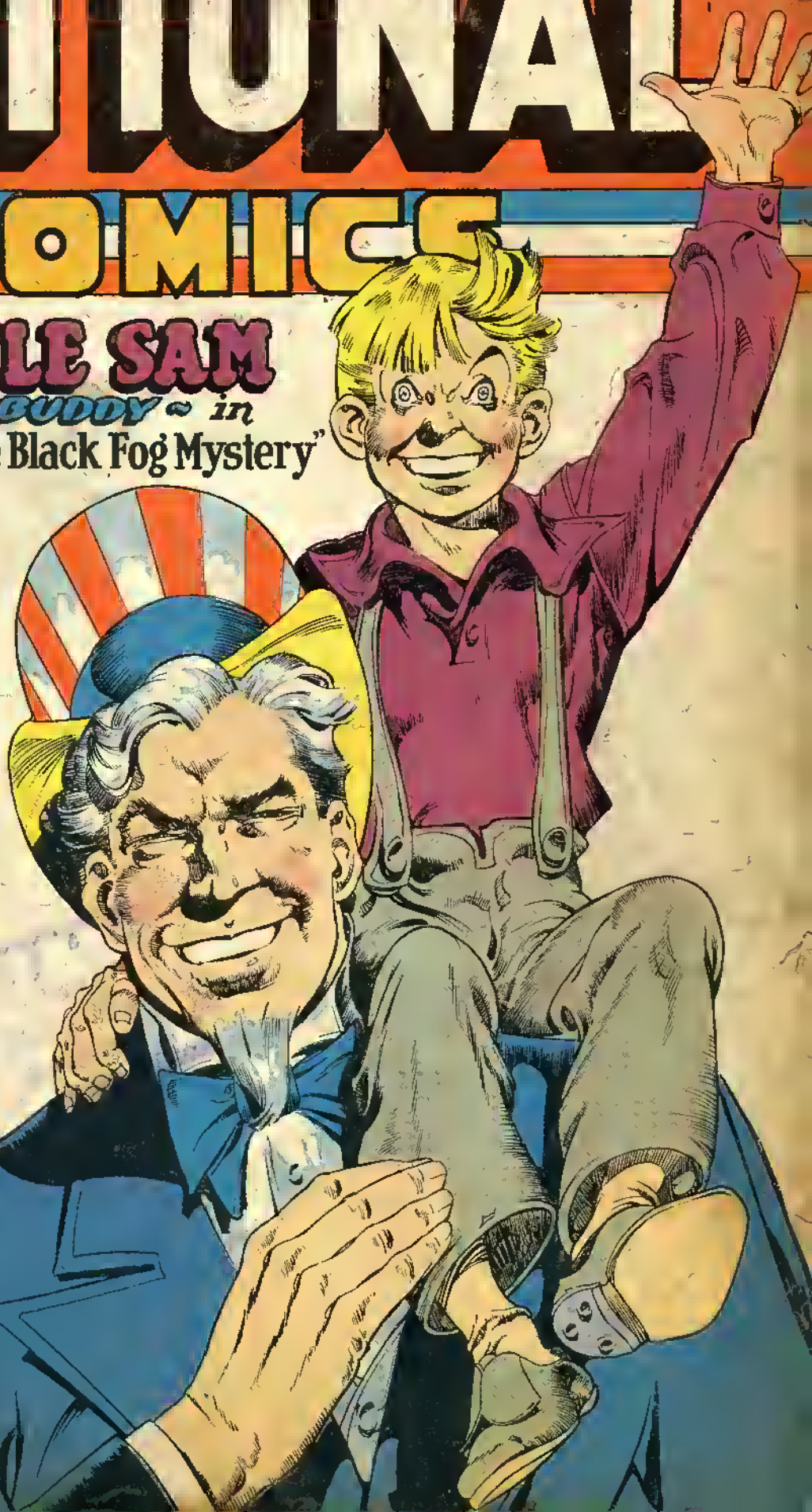
QUICKSILVER



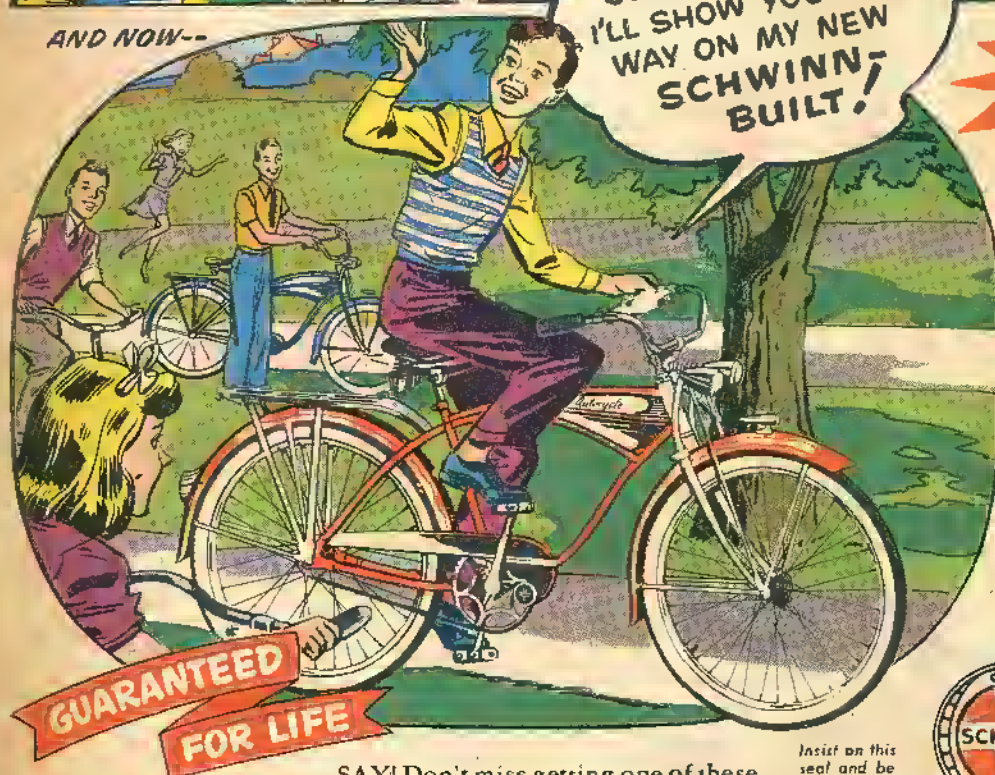
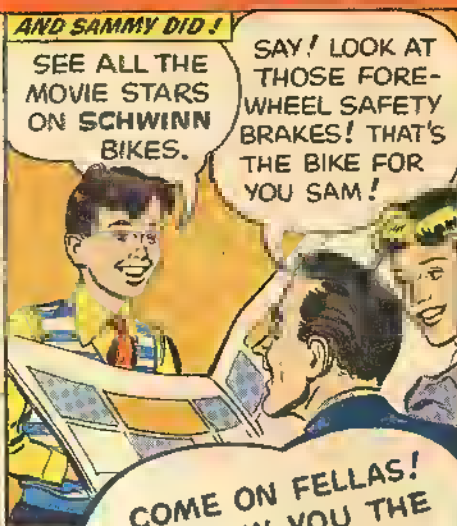
SALLY O'NEIL



WONDER BOY



THEY CALLED HIM "Stay-at-Home-Sammy" -- BUT NOW HE LEADS THE GANG !



GET THIS MOVIE CYCLORAMA
—SHOW IT TO YOUR DAD!

—With big colored pictures of Buck Jones, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and other movie stars—and it's Free! Just paste coupon on a postcard and sign your name and address.



For the Ride of a Lifetime!
Schwinn-Built Bicycles

SAY! Don't miss getting one of these swell Movie Cycloramas Free! You'll like its big colored pictures of movie stars, with their new Schwinn-Built bicycles. Then, show it to Dad and Mother, and they'll agree you ought to have a Schwinn-Built, too! Because it's the *safest* bike in the world, with its Fore Wheel Safety Brake, big Headlights, Spring Fork, built-in Cyclock and other exclusive features—and it's built so strong it's **Guaranteed for Life!** 37 different models—every one built to order, in a size to suit you, whatever your age! So hurry—send the coupon on a postcard now, for your Free Movie Cyclorama!

Insist on this seal and be sure it's Guaranteed for Life!

Arnold, Schwinn & Company, Inc.
1744 N. Kildare Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama:

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Schwinn-Built Bicycles

NATIONAL COMICS, January, 1942, No. 19. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Garley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Yearly subscription \$1.20, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Marthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. Western Representative, E. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1941 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

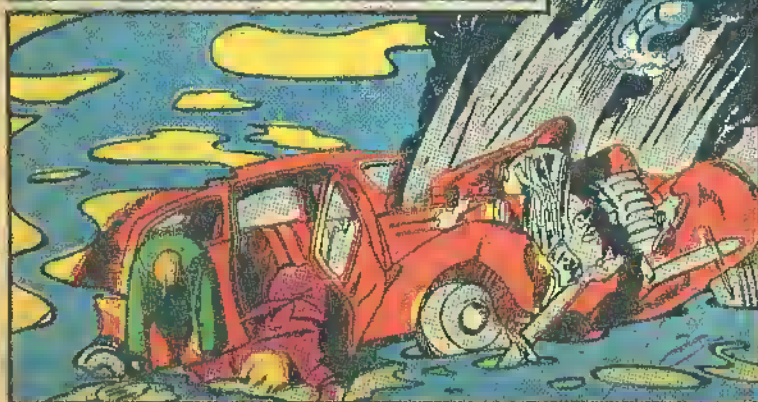
UNCLE SAM

WHEN A WEIRD PALL OF DARKNESS BLACKS OUT THE NATION'S CAPITOL, UNCLE SAM AND HIS LITTLE PAL, BUDDY, STEPPED IN TO SOLVE THE CENTURY'S DEEPEST MYSTERY...

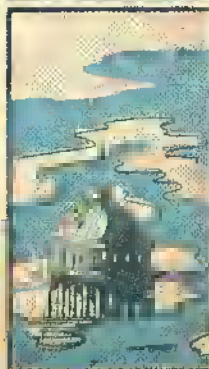
BY
WILLIAM
E. EISNER



AS EERIE BLACKNESS SETTLES OVER WASHINGTON, D.C., TRAFFIC SNARLS AND MANY WRECKS OCCUR...



ONLY UPPER PORTIONS OF BUILDINGS CAN BE SEEN



WITH BUDDY ASTRIDE HIS SHOULDERS UNCLE SAM GROPEs ALONG.....



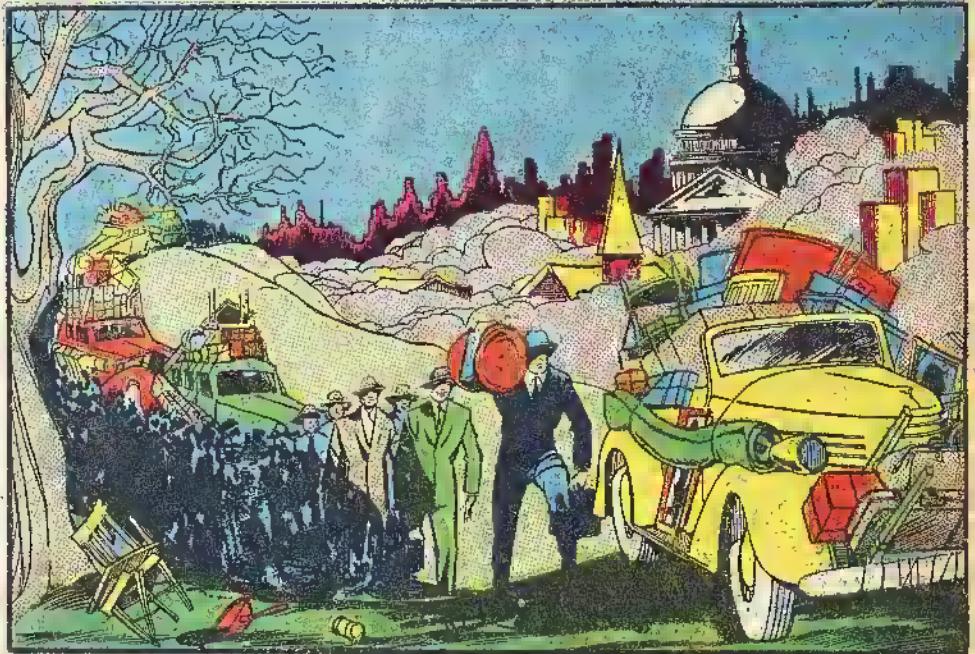
IF EVER WE WERE NEEDED SON, WE'RE NEEDED HERE NOW !!

A RADIO COMMENTATOR EXCITEDLY READS A BULLETIN...

THE DARKNESS HAS ENTIRELY
BLOTTED OUT WASHINGTON...
THUS FAR SCIENCE IS
BAFFLED!



ALL ROADS LEADING FROM THE CITY ARE CLOGGED WITH MAD
TRAFFIC AS THE POPULACE FLEES THE STRANGE BLACKNESS...



IN HIS LABORATORY, UNCLE SAM
HOLDS ONE OF THE THOUSANDS
OF ODD PELLETS WHICH ARE
SUSPECTED AS THE CAUSE OF THE
DARKNESS...



LEAD PELLETS
CONTAINING
ATOMIC ENERGY,
PROBABLY DROPPED
FROM A PLANE!

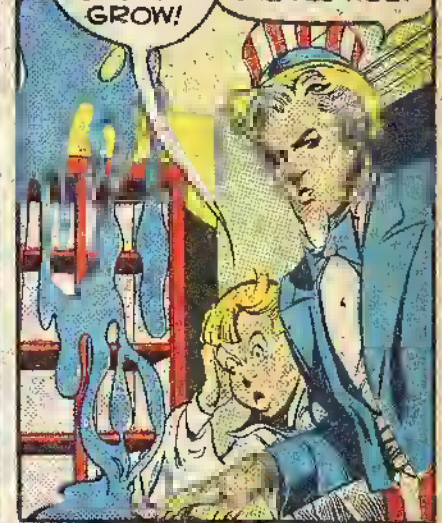
THERE SHE GOES!
LOOK AT THAT,
BUDDY!

SMOKE
IS
COMING
OUT
FAST,
UNCLE
SAM!



GOSH!!
LOOK AT
THAT
STUFF
GROW!

WONDER JUST
WHAT IT WILL
DO IN THE
CLOSED ROOM



IN JUST A FEW
MINUTES NOW
IT'S NEARLY
FILLED THE
LAB!

MAYBE
THIS FIRE
EXTINGUISHER
WILL KILL IT!



WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE
FAST, BUDDY... I CAN FEEL
THIS ROOM BEGINNING
TO VIBRATE FROM FORCE!

MAYBE
IT'LL
BLOW
UP!

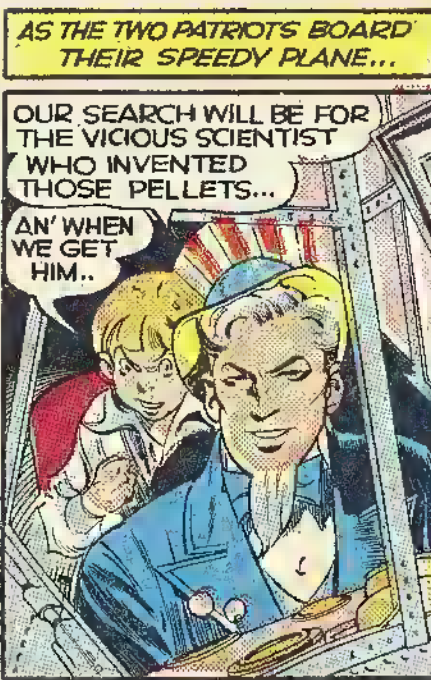


WHEN THEY ARE OUTSIDE...

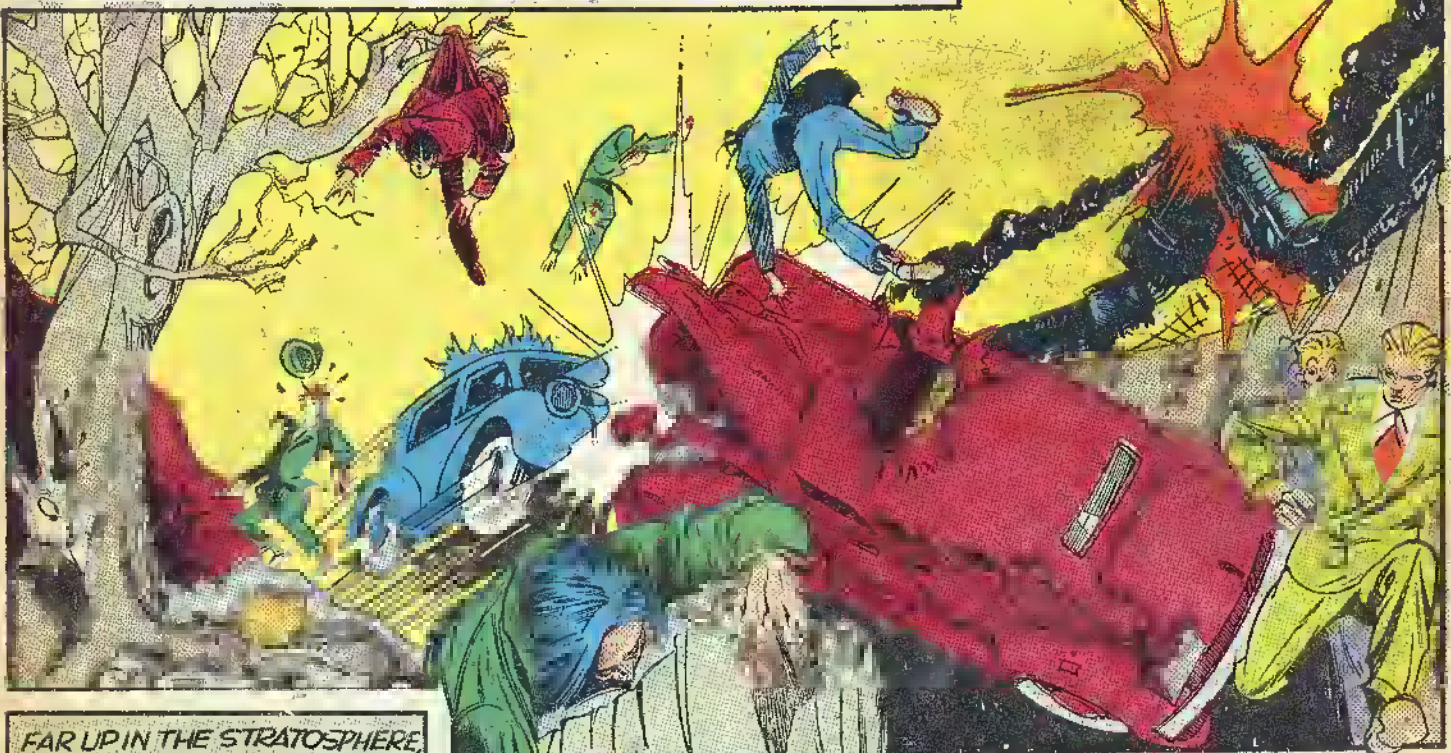
GEE WHIZ!!! L-LOOK,
UNCLE SAM!
IT'S BUSTIN' THE
BUILDING RIGHT
OUT!

YES...
JUST
ABOUT
WHAT
I
EXPECTED
!!!





THE DEATH TOLL MOUNTS AS ONE DISASTER AFTER ANOTHER TAKES PLACE IN WIDELY SEPARATED AREAS...



FAR UP IN THE STRATOSPHERE, A HUGE STRANGE PLANE CRUISES..



INSIDE THE MYSTERY SHIP..



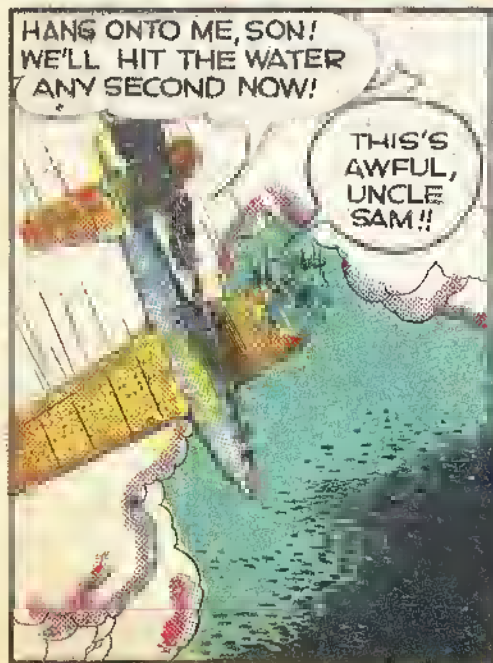
ONE OF THE CREW PEERS INTO AN ODD BOMB SIGHT...

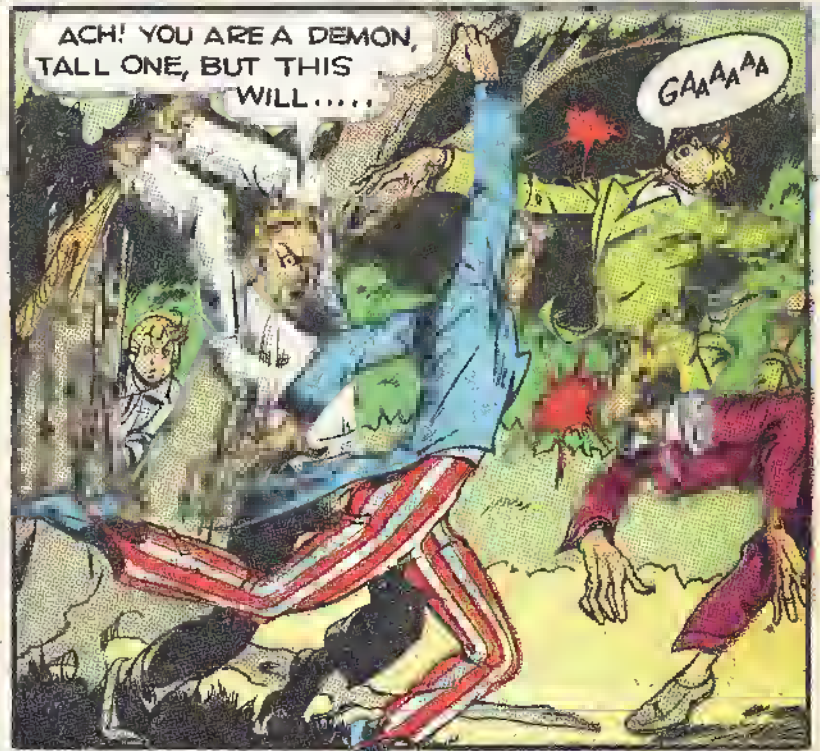
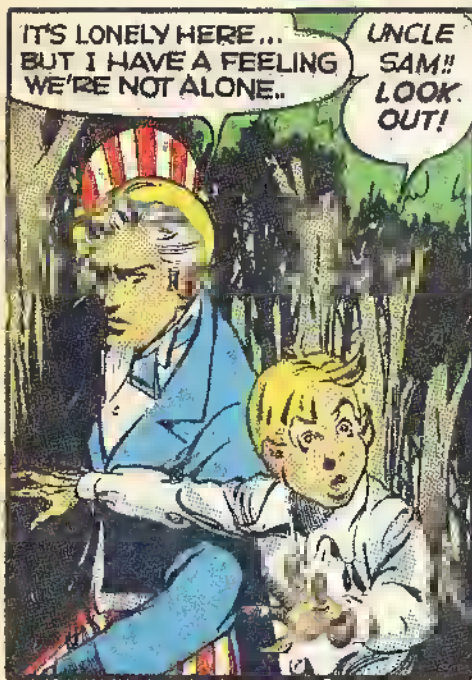


AND A STREAM OF PELLETS SHOOT EARTHWARD FROM THE PLANE



HIGH ABOVE FLY UNCLE SAM AND LITTLE BUDDY...





THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF UNCLE SAM IS CARRIED TOWARD A CAVE....



WE WILL LEAVE HIM THERE TILL THE MASTER COMES...THOSE ROPES HOLD HIM WELL...



LATER.. AS BUDDY GROPPES THROUGH THE WOODS...



GEE WHIZ! SOME PLANE!!! IT'S BIGGER THAN THE B-19!!



UMM...MAYBE IF ONLY I CAN GET IN THIS DOOR IN THE TAIL...



WITH EASE THE MIGHTY UNCLE SAM HAS FREED HIMSELF...

THESE FIRE SIGNALS SHOULD ATTRACT A COAST GUARD CUTTER...



THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE GREAT AMERICAN'S REMARK...

DISTRESS SIGNALS COMING FROM OWL ISLAND, CAPTAIN...

PUT IN THERE!



SOON AFTER....

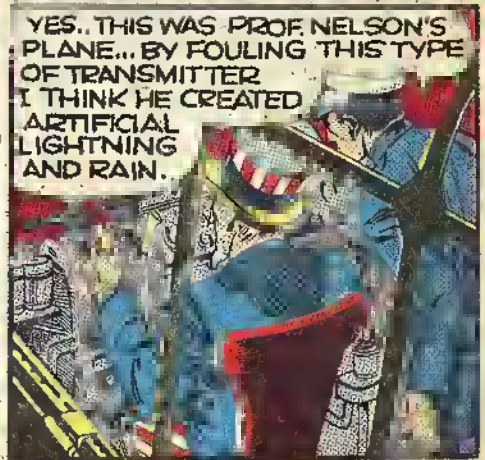
...AND, CAPTAIN... I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE FIEND WHO CAUSES THIS DARKNESS!

WE'RE AT YOUR SERVICE, UNCLE SAM!



WITH MOTOR IDLING, AN AMPHIBIAN PLANE LOLS NEARBY. UNCLE SAM IS TOLD OF ITS RADIO MECHANISM, PUT IN BY ITS ORIGINAL OWNER.

YES... THIS WAS PROF. NELSON'S PLANE... BY FOULING THIS TYPE OF TRANSMITTER I THINK HE CREATED ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING AND RAIN.



THE WEIRD BLACK FOG HAS GRIPPED DENVER... SUDDENLY THERE IS LIGHTNING AND HEAVY SHOWERS ERASE THE GLOOM...

THE DARKNESS!! LOOK.. IT'S GONE!!

THANK HEAVEN... WE CAN SEE AGAIN!



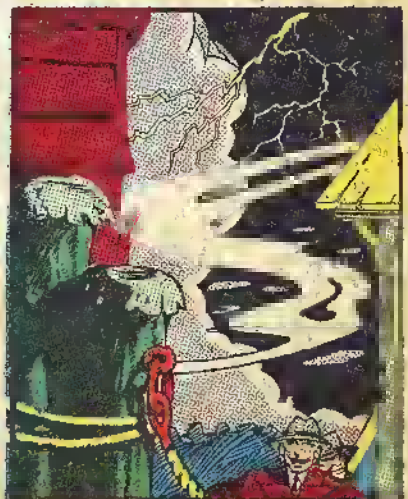
AN EXCITING RADIO MESSAGE REACHES THE COAST GUARD PLANE

THAT DID IT! OUR ELECTRICAL STORM KILLED THE DARKNESS OVER DENVER!

YOUR THEORY WAS PERFECT, UNCLE SAM!



AND WITH ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING AGAIN SMASHING THE MOLECULES OF DARKNESS, SAN FRANCISCO IS NEXT SAVED FROM THE BLIGHT.



WELL, WE'VE DEFEATED THIS AWFUL THING IN TWO CITIES... NOW TO RUN DOWN IT'S CREATOR MEN!



YES!

WHILE ABOARD THE MASTER GENIUS'S GLOOM-SPREADING STRATOLINER... DEFEATED PLANS AROUSE WORRIED ACTIVITY, AS RADIO REPORTS CRACKLE IN....



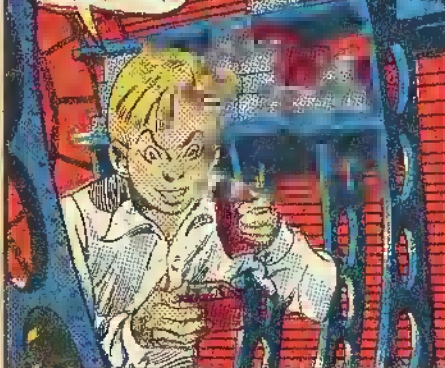
AND UNUSUAL STORMS HAVE STRUCK MANY CITIES AND WASHED AWAY THE TERRIBLE DARKNESS...

BAH! SOMEONE HAS DISCOVERED OUR SECRET.. WE MUST HUNT DOWN THEIR PLANE!

WE HAVE TWICE THE SPEED OF ANY OTHER SHIP MASTER!!

BUT... RIDING IN THE TAIL OF THE SKY GIANT IS BUDDY...

GOSH! THE ROLL OF THIS SHIP PUT ME ASLEEP A COUPLE HOURS... BUT NOW TO LICK THESE FELLAS WITH THEIR OWN POISON!



OUR RADIOLOCATOR SAYS THAT OUR ENEMY'S PLANE IS NEAR, VON STOLL.. BE READY TO FIRE !!



FROM A CLOUD BELOW APPEARS UNCLE SAM'S PLANE.. THE BIG SHIP ROARS DOWN.....

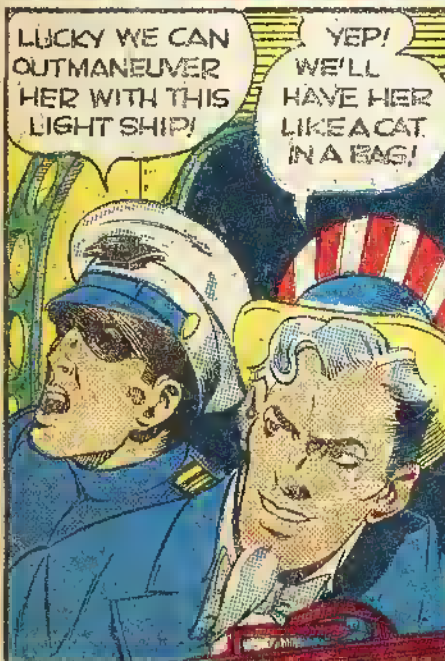


GET ABOVE HER, PILOT... I'LL TURN ON SOME TROUBLE!

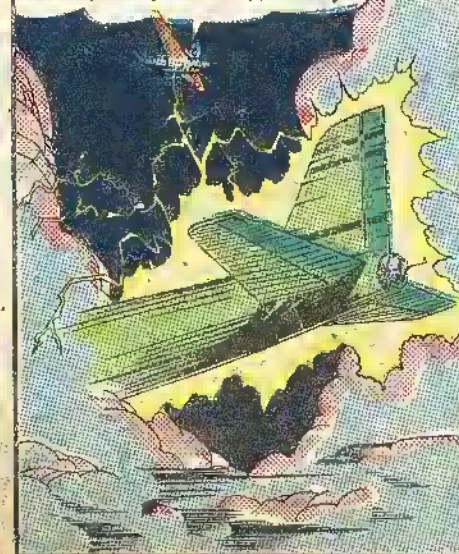
OKAY, UNCLE SAM!

LUCKY WE CAN OUTMANEUVER HER WITH THIS LIGHT SHIP!

YEP! WE'LL HAVE HER LIKE A CAT IN A BAG!



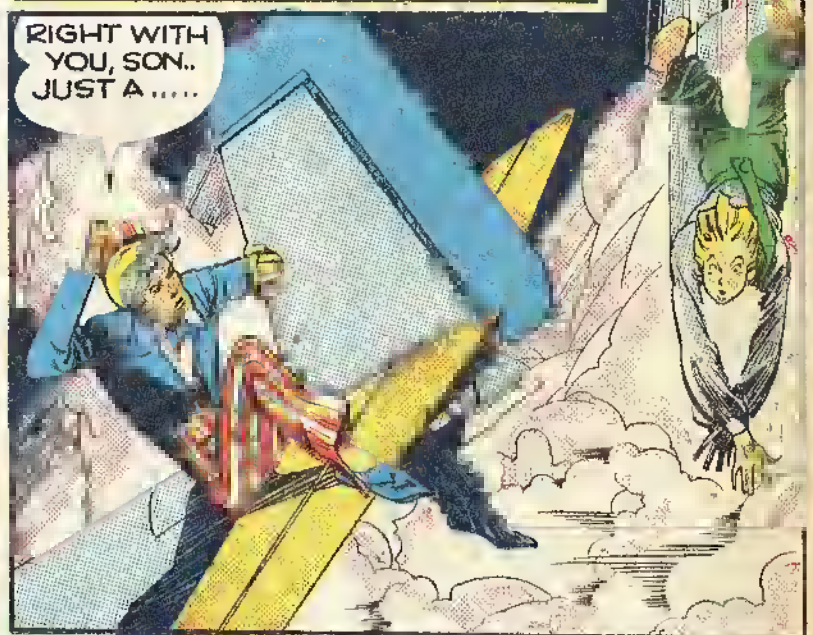
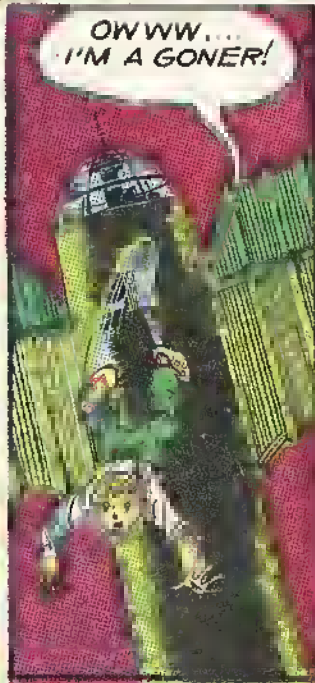
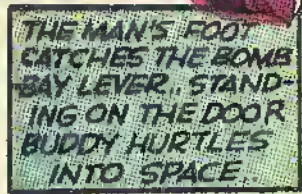
OUR LIGHTNING BURSTS WILL SLOW 'EM UP.. WE CAN KEEP ABOVE THE FLASHES!



TRY TO CRIPPLE HER WITH THE MACHINE GUN SO SHE'LL LAND.. WE WANT TO GET THOSE BIRDS ALIVE IF WE CAN!

I'M TRYING TO CUT UP THEIR CONTROL RUDDERS!!

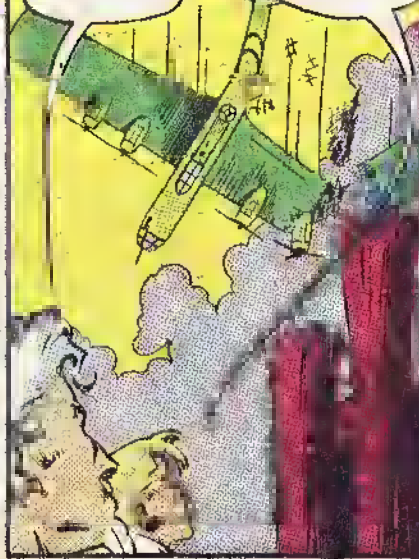




A HELPLESS PARACHUTIST DROPS ON A MAD MOB...



HERE IT COMES... FALLING IN TWISTED RUINS!!



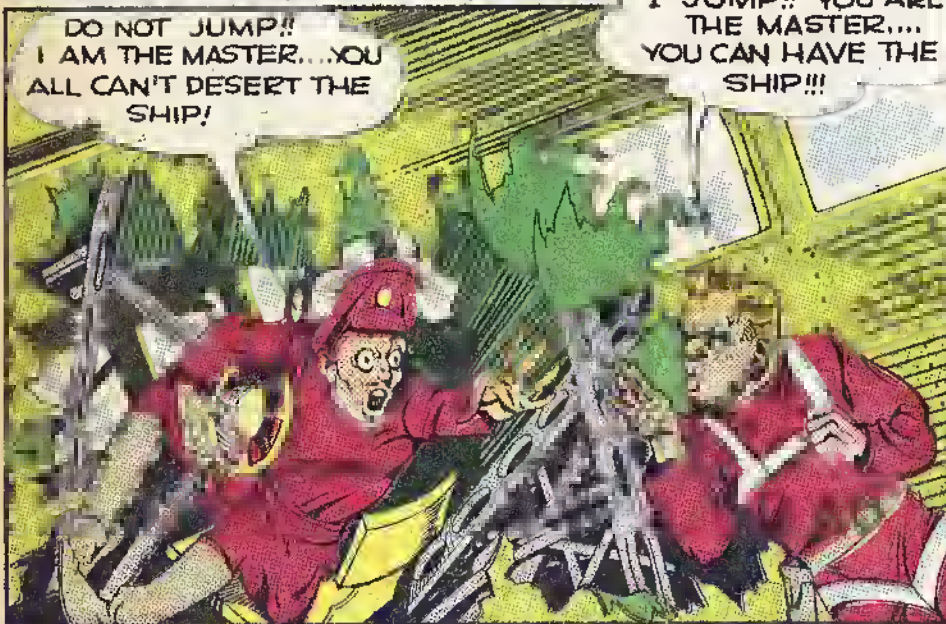
JUST LIKE OUR LABORATORY WENT!

OTHER MEN ARE FLYING OUT NOW, UNCLE SAM!!

I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR 'EM!



ABOARD THE REMAINS OF THE BIG SHIP....



AND THE PLANE WRECK AND PARACHUTIST CRASH INTO WATER AT ALMOST THE SAME INSTANT...

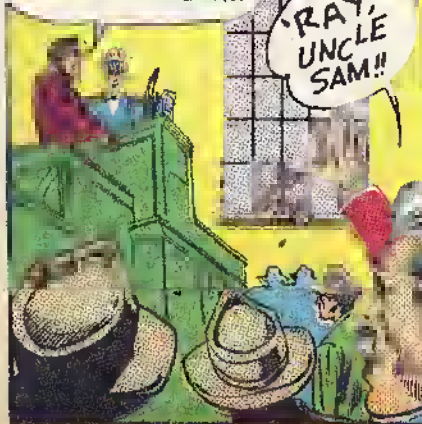


LATER.. AS UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY ARE AGAIN ABOARD THEIR OWN PLANE.....



THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS...

MY FRIENDS.. AGAIN OUR GREATEST HERO HAS SAVED OUR COUNTRY.. THIS DARKNESS WAS THE BEGINNING OF AN INVASION...



G'BYE NOW.. AN' WE'LL BE AROUND IF WE'RE NEEDED!

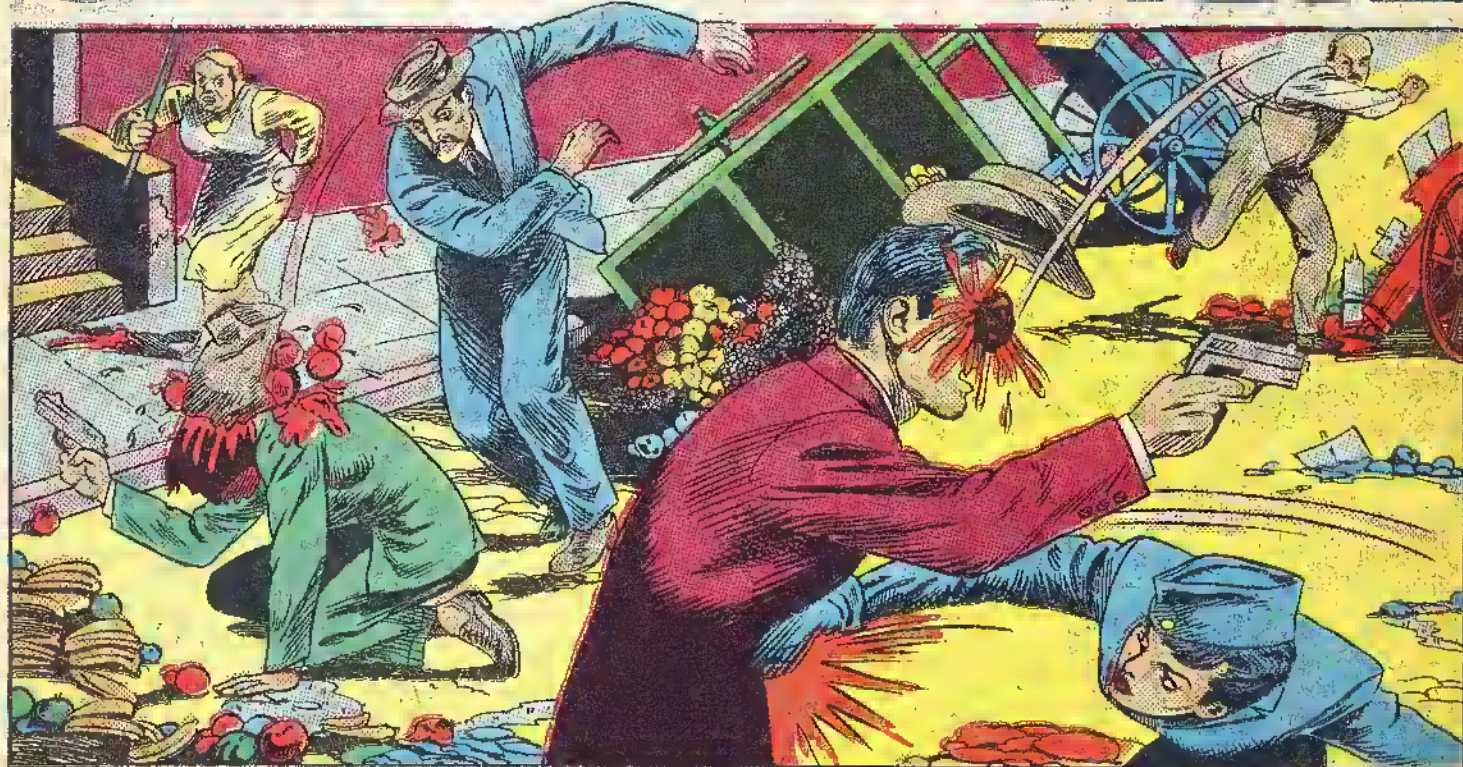
YES.. AND WE HAVEN'T FAILED OUR COUNTRY YET.. OUR ENEMIES ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THEIR FIRST VICTORY!



SALLY O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

By Frank Kearns



FOR A CHANGE SALLY O'NEIL, THE PRIDE OF THE FORCE, HAS INSIDE DUTY IN THE STATION HOUSE AND SHE IS BORED STIFF. BUT THAT CAN'T LAST. NOT WITH SALLY!

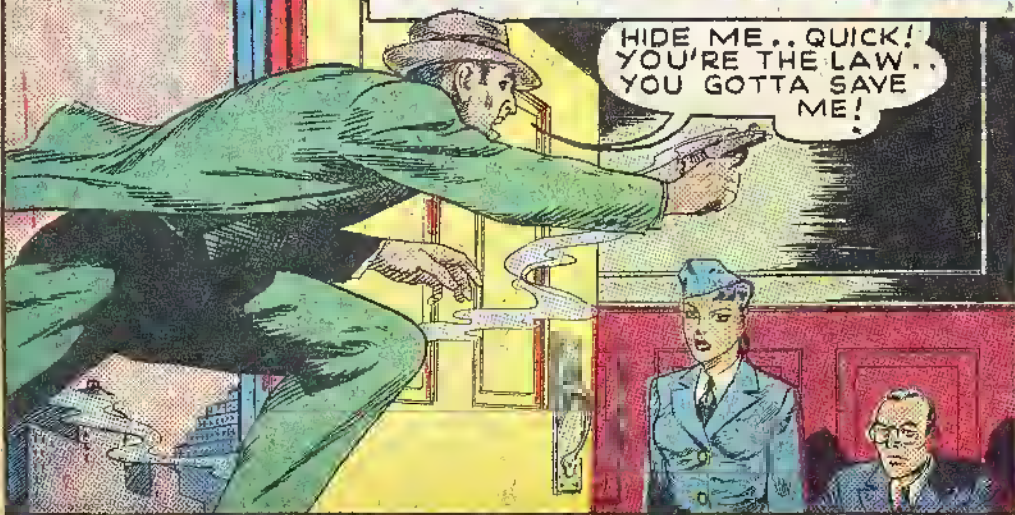
SARGE.. I'M GOING BATTY HERE! OF ALL USELESS OCCUPATIONS, STATION DUTY IS...

SUDDENLY.

BANG!

A SHOT! WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING, SALLY?

IN DASHES A YOUNG MAN, WAVING A SMOKING REVOLVER.

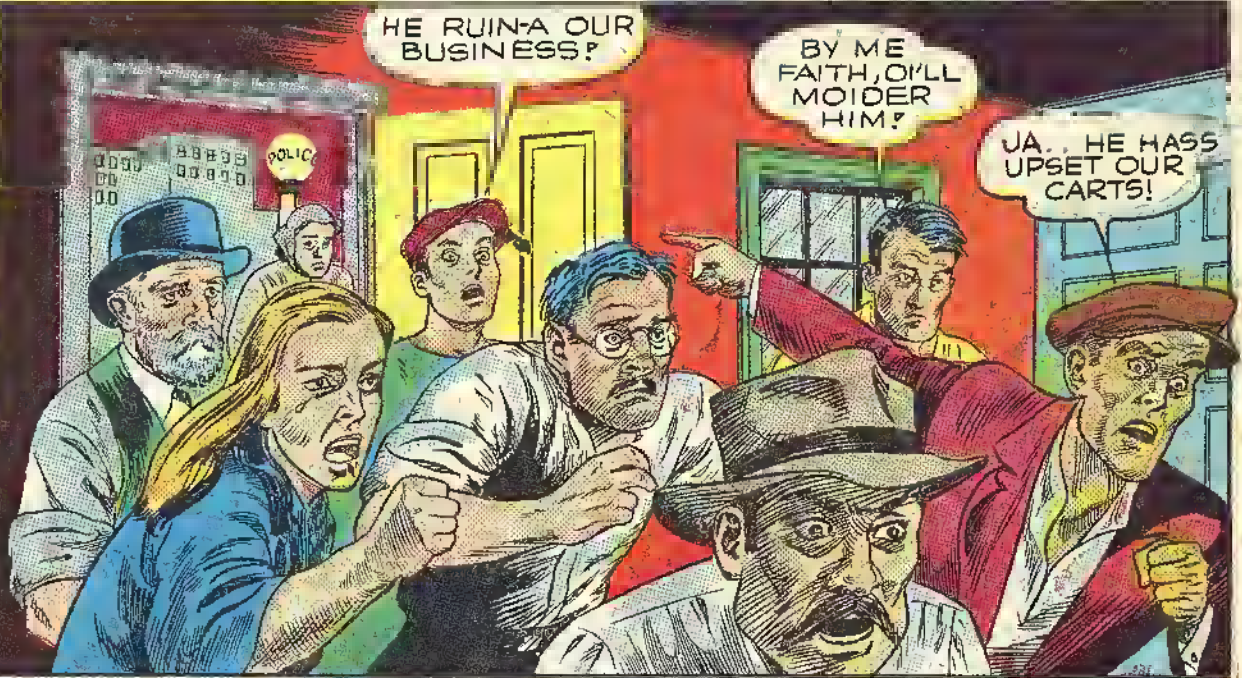


HIDE ME.. QUICK! YOU'RE THE LAW.. YOU GOTTA SAVE ME!

IF YOU RATE SAVING WE'LL DO IT!.. SA-AY! WHAT'S THIS?



AN ANGRY MOB OF PUSHCART PEDDLERS STORMS IN, ALL SHRIEKING IN THE BROKEN JARGON THAT IS THE LANGUAGE OF NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE.



HE RUIN-A OUR BUSINESS?

BY ME FAITH, O'LL MOIDER HIM?

JA... HE MASS UPSET OUR CARTS!

IS THIS TRUE?!

YES... B-BUT...

LISSEN, I DIDN'T WANNA DO IT, HONEST... BUT I'VE GOTTA EAT! I BEEN PAID FER DRIVIN' THROUGH THE PUSHCART STREETS TO DUMP THE WAGONS!

THE DESK SERGEANT SOOTHES THE EXCITED MOB.

GO BACK TO YOUR CARTS. WE'LL STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT!



STAND BACK, PLEASE!



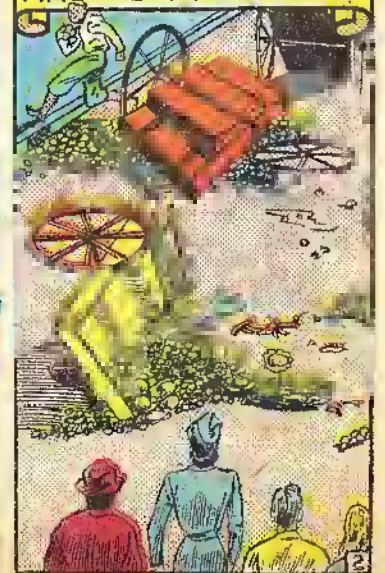
THEN HE TURNS TO SALLY, WHO IS HALFWAY OUT ALREADY.

I KNOW, CHIEF. YOU WERE GOING TO SAY "SALLY, INVESTIGATE"... SO LONG!

BUT YOU, YOUNG MAN, CAN PARK IN TH' COOLER... FOR ILLEGAL POSSESSION O' FIRE-ARMS AN' DISTURBIN' TH' PEACE!

RIGHT... GO TO SECOND STREET MARKET... AND I HOPE YOU GET THE EXCITEMENT YOU WANT!

SECOND STREET IS A MAJOR MESS... CARTS LIE BROKEN IN A STEW OF SMASHED FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.



SALLY QUESTIONS THE EXCITED PEDDLERS.



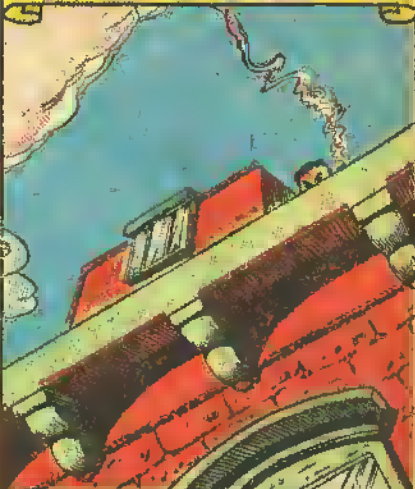
..AND WHAT THEN?

THEN I DUNNO.. 'CEPTIN' A CAR NEAR RUN ME DOWN!

SUDDENLY HER CAP IS SHOT RIGHT OFF HER HEAD.



LOOKING UP, SALLY SPOTS A PUFF OF GUN SMOKE COMING FROM A TENEMENT ROOF.



SHE RACES UP FOUR FLIGHTS OF RICKETY STAIRS.



FURIOUSLY SALLY LEAPS TO THE ROOF ADJOINING.



UH-OH! THERE'S MY ROMEO SKIPPING DOWN THE SKYLIGHT NEXT DOOR!

SHE WADES THROUGH FLAPPING CLOTHES-LINES IN HER FLIGHT.

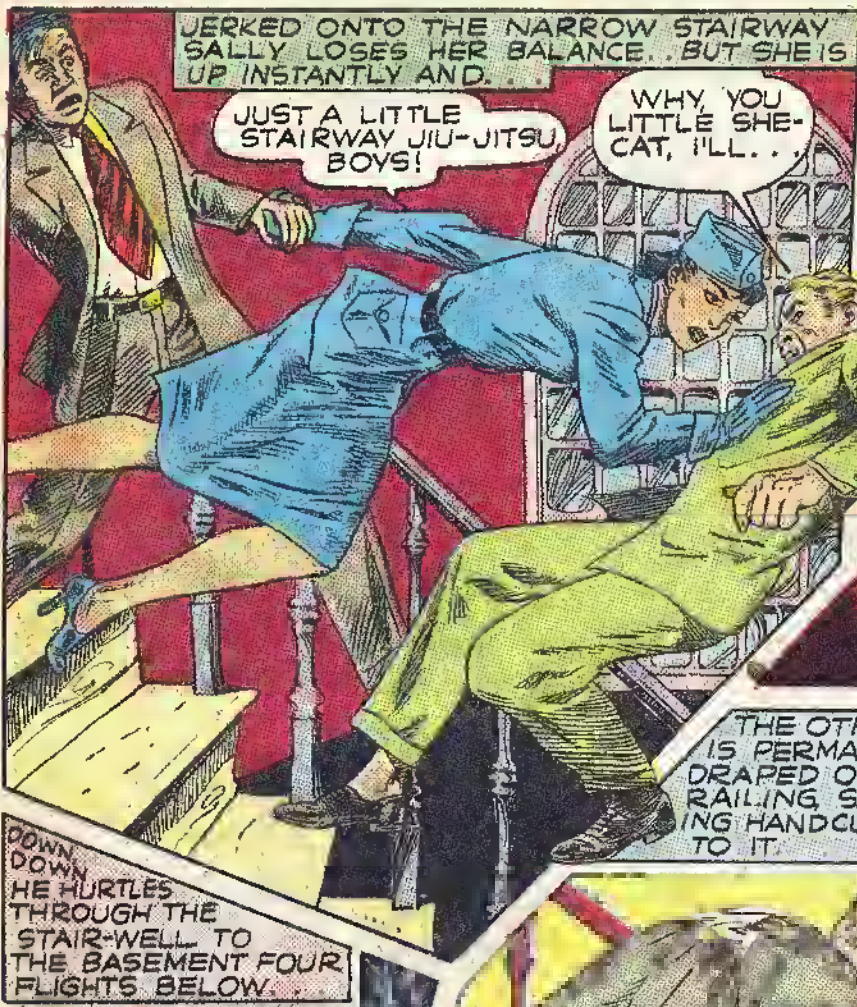


AND HOPS INTO THE OPEN SKYLIGHT.



BUT A POWERFUL HAND GRABS HER ANKLE IN A STEELY GRIP.





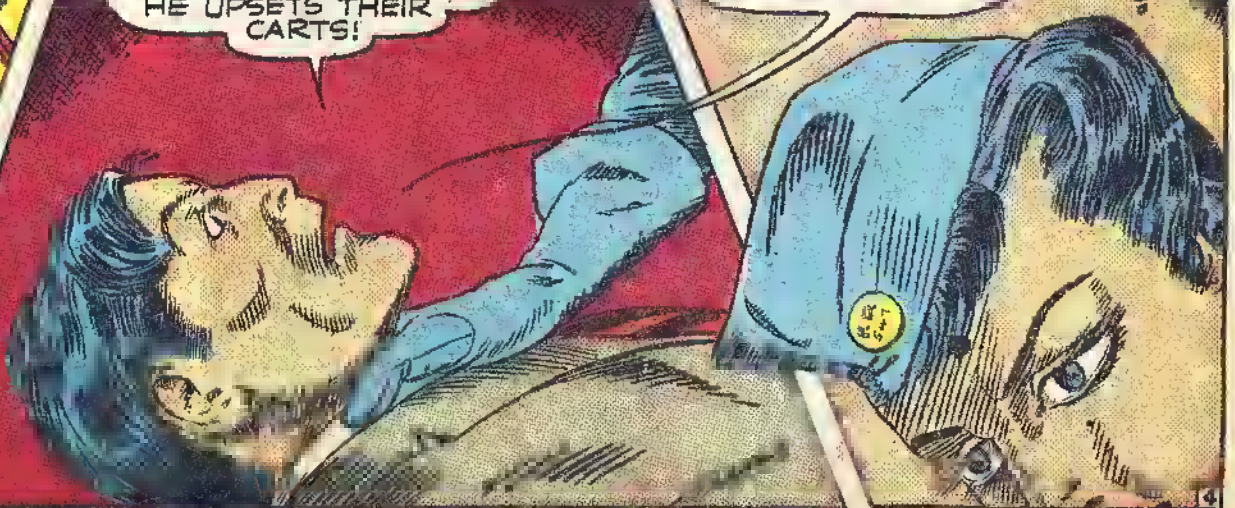
DOWN HE HURTLES THROUGH THE STAIRWELL TO THE BASEMENT FOUR FLIGHTS BELOW.



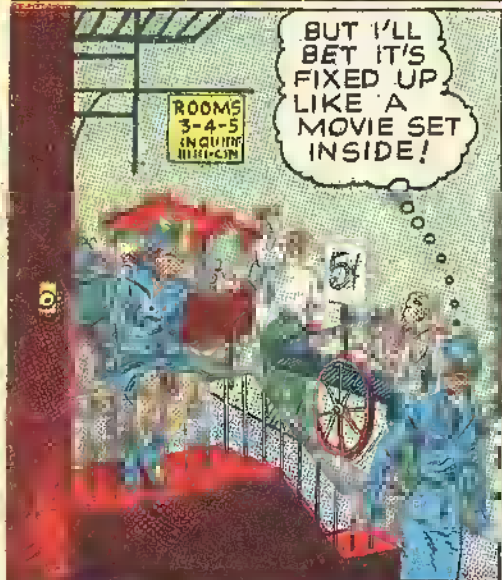
I'LL TALK... BUT G-GO EASY ON ME... I'M WORKIN' FER SMOKEY MILLER WHO'S BOSSIN' THE PUSHCART RACKET... HE MAKES THE PEDDLERS BUY THEIR STUFF FROM HIM OR HE UPSETS THEIR CARTS!

HE'S GOT 'EM ALL SCARED BY SAYIN' HE'D STALL THEIR CITIZENSHIP PAPERS... MAKES 'EM THINK HE'S A BIG SHOT WHO CAN PULL LEGAL STRINGS...

HMM... THINK I'LL VISIT MR. SMOKEY MILLER!



SECURING SMOKEY'S ADDRESS, SALLY FINDS IT TO BE A RAMSHACKLE FIRETRAP. . .



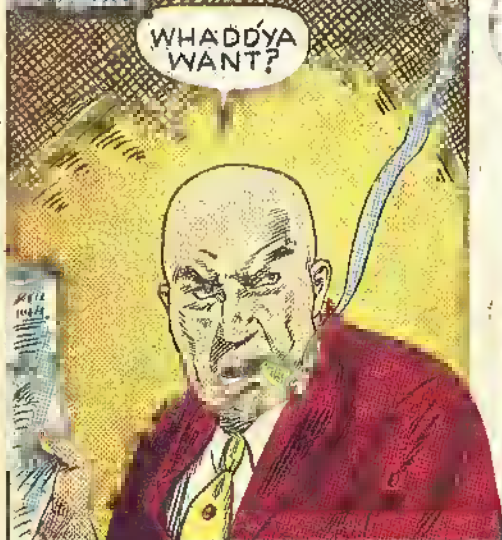
CLIMBING THROUGH THE HALL WINDOW, SHE EVADES SMOKEY MILLER'S BODY-GUARD.



SILENTLY SHE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER.



SMOKEY MILLER, COMPLETE WITH CIGAR AND LOUNGE ROBE, RELAXES ON AN EASY CHAIR.



I WANT YOUR FULL AND IMMEDIATE ATTENTION. YOU ARE GOING TO SPILL EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PUSH-CART TRACKET!



BUT SALLY DOESN'T SEE HIS HEEL MEET A BUZZER ON THE FLOOR.



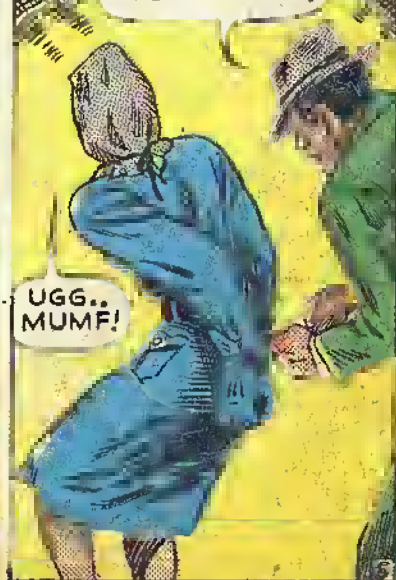
A FIGURE STEALS UP BEHIND SALLY AS SHE TALKS.



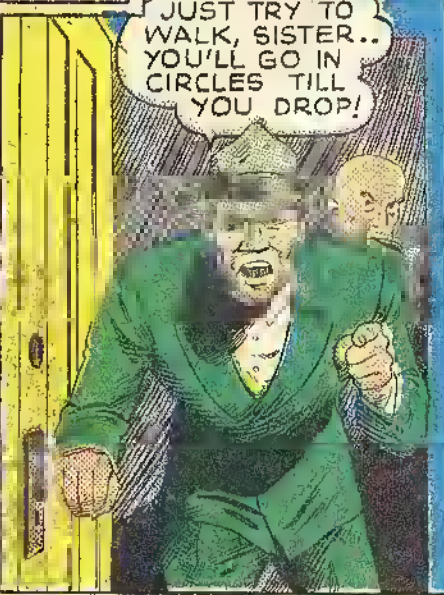
YOU AIN'T SAID NOTHIN'!



AN' WHAT'S MORE, YOU WON'T SAY NOTHIN' FER A LONG TIME!

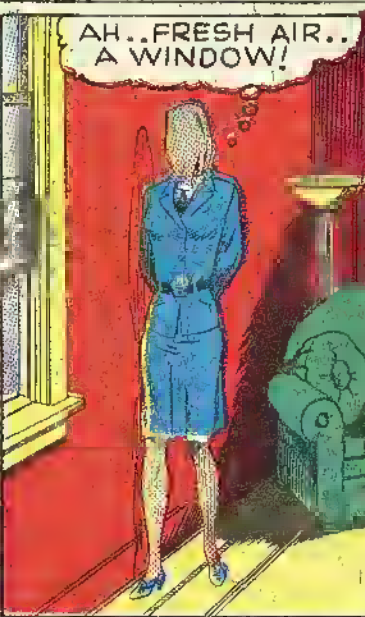


TAUNTING THE HELPLESS POLICE WOMAN, THE THUGS LEAVE.



JUST TRY TO WALK, SISTER.. YOU'LL GO IN CIRCLES TILL YOU DROP!

SALLY BUMPS AROUND BLINDLY UNTIL..



AH..FRESH AIR.. A WINDOW!

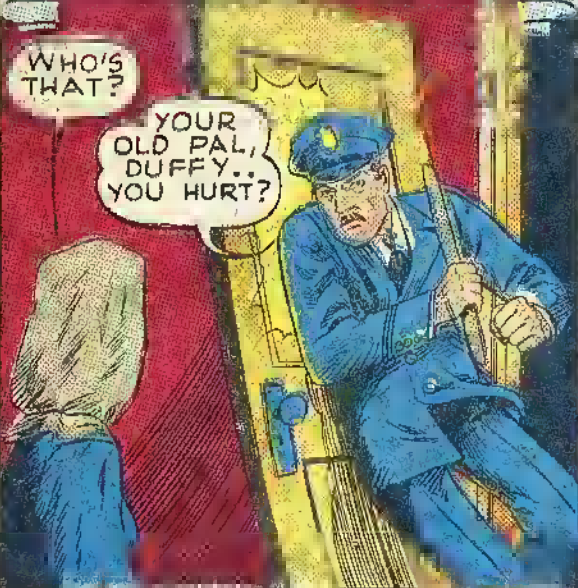
SHE STANDS MOTIONLESS.



HEY, DUFFY! LOOK UP THERE!

A POLICE GAL.. AND BY THE LOOKS O' THE..ER.. BUILD, I'D SAY IT'S SALLY!

SECONDS LATER OFFICER DUFFY BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR.



WHO'S THAT?

YOUR OLD PAL, DUFFY.. YOU HURT?

AFTER FREEING SALLY, THEY BOTH DASH TO THE STREET, AS A CAR SKIDS AWAY..

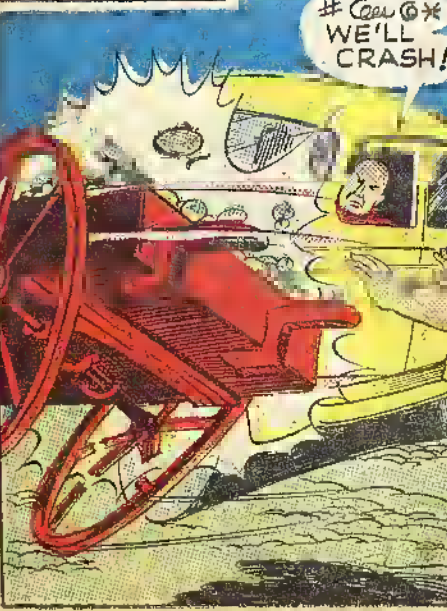


HE HAS UPSET MY CART!

BOTH COPPERS FIRE..

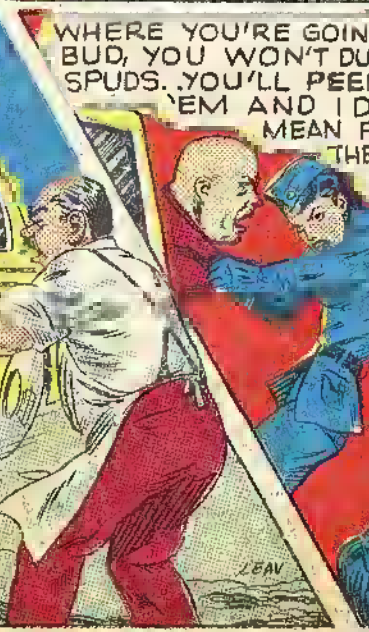


AND ONE BRAVE PEDDLER ROLLS HIS CART IN FRONT OF THE CAR.



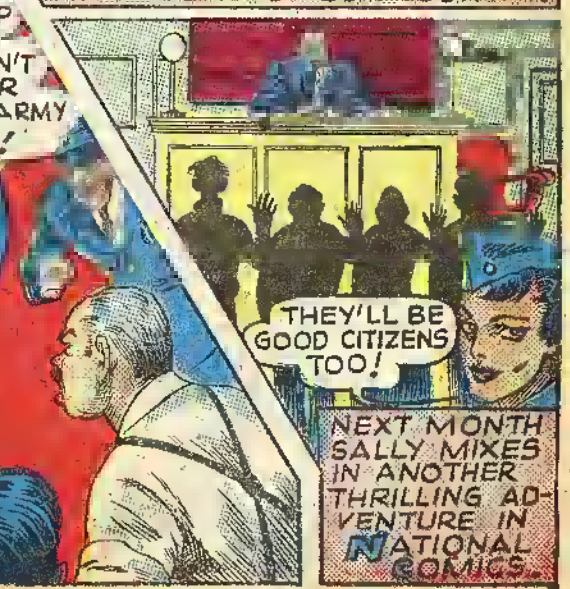
Cool @* WE'LL CRASH!

THEY DO..AND SALLY HAULS THEM OUT.



WHERE YOU'RE GOING BUD, YOU WON'T DUMP SPUDS. YOU'LL PEEL 'EM AND I DON'T MEAN FOR THE ARMY!

DAYS LATER.. SALLY IS THE GUEST AT A THRILLING CEREMONY.. THE SWEARING IN OF THE PEDDLERS AS CITIZENS OF OUR COUNTRY.



THEY'LL BE GOOD CITIZENS TOO!

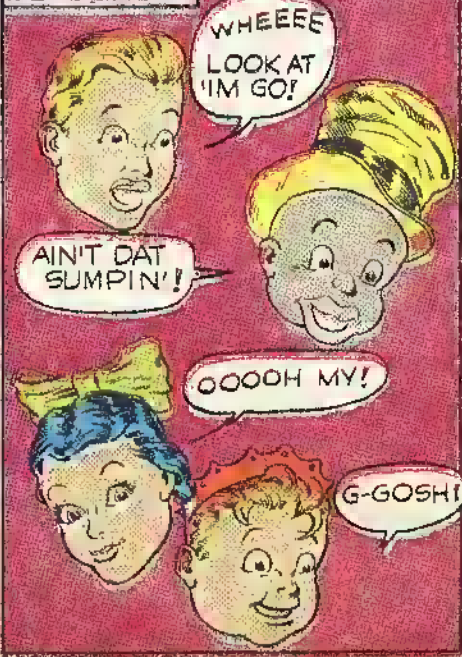
NEXT MONTH SALLY MIXES IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN NATIONAL COMICS.



SUNSHINE, SUZY, TEDDY AND PORKY FIND LIFE RATHER DULL.



SUDDENLY...



A SMALL MONGREL DARTS DOWN THE STREET, A DETERMINED DOG-CATCHER CLOSE BEHIND.



THE MAN REACHES OUT WITH HIS LONG NET AND . . .



HE DONE CAUGHT DAT DAWG!

AND HE'S PUTTING HIM INTO THE TRUCK!

TO THE TUNE OF MONGREL MUSIC THE TRUCK RATTLES DOWN THE STREET . . .



Y'KNOW . . . SOMEBODY TOLD ME THAT DOG-CATCHERS GET TWO DOLLARS FOR EVERY STRAY DOG THEY CATCH!



DAT'S EASY MONEY!

YEAH.. WE OUGHTA GO INTO THE DOG-CATCHIN' BUSINESS!

SO THE KID PATROL GOES TO WORK.



ONLY A FEW MORE NAILS FOR THIS..

DESE BARREL HOOPS SHO' MAKE DANDY NETS!



AND SOON THEIR WAGON IS FINISHED.

HOT DOG! LET'S GO!

AH BET WE MAKE A MILLION BUCKS!

THEY START BUSINESS ROLLING UPHILL.. THEN DOWNHILL.. UP TOWN AND DOWNTOWN.. BUT NO DOGS.



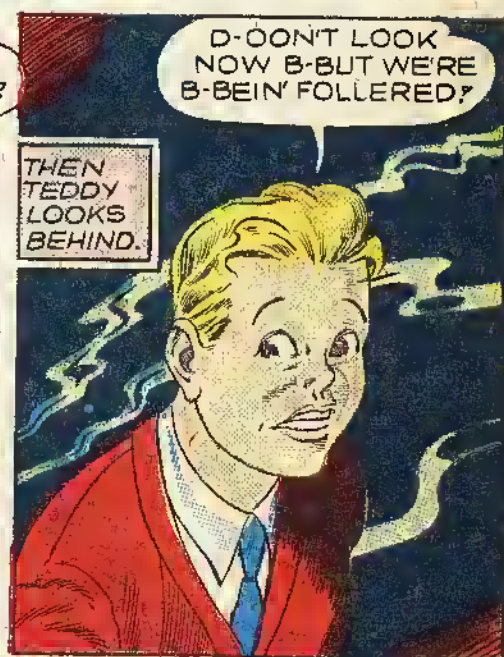
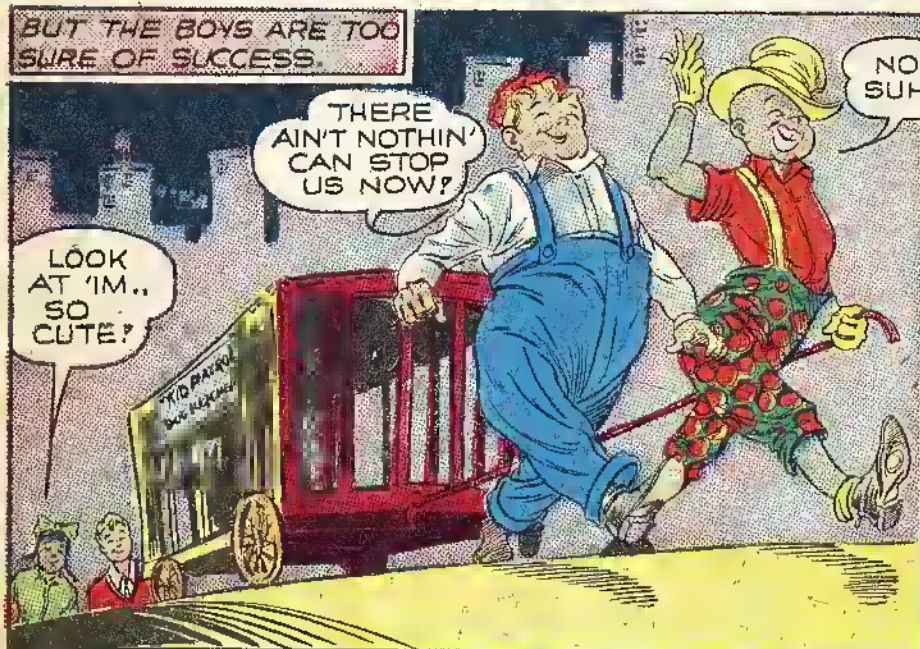
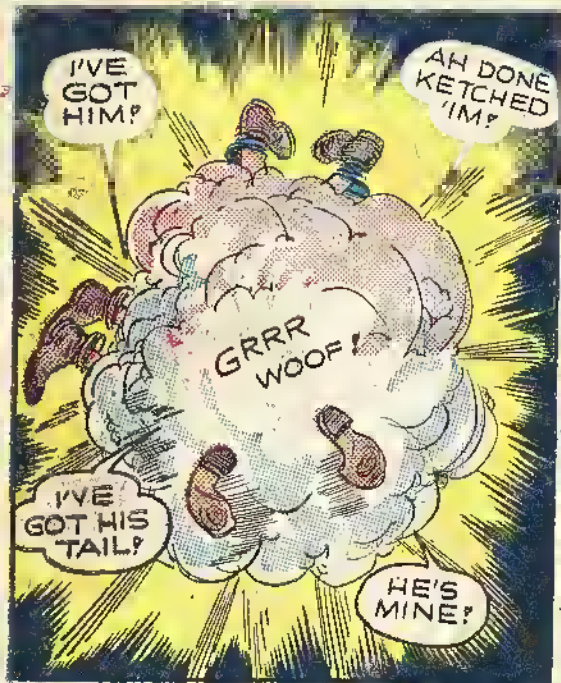
S'MATTER WITH THIS TOWN ANYWAY?

JUS' ONE LI'L OLE DAWG IS ALL AH CRAVE!

GUESS THEY'RE ALL HIDIN' FROM US!

SUDDENLY.. LOOK!





PUFFING AND GASPING, THE KIDS DASH INTO PORKY'S BACK YARD.



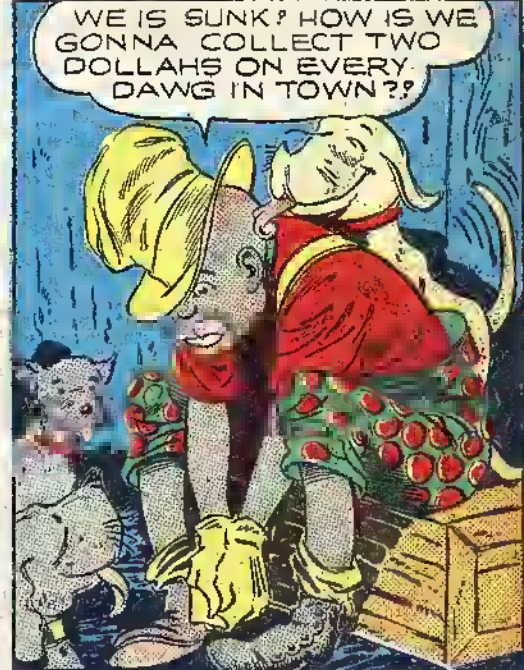
SHUT THE GATE QUICK?

YAY! NOW WE'RE RID O' THOSE MUTTS?

BUT TEDDY DOESN'T SWING THE GATE FAST ENOUGH.



OH!! GOSH! HERE THEY COME!



WE IS SUNK? HOW IS WE GONNA COLLECT TWO DOLLARS ON EVERY DAWG IN TOWN??

CHEER UP, SUNSHINE? I'LL GO DOWN TO THE DOG CATCHER'S AN' SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH THE OOGS?



THE DOG CATCHER DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF TEDDY'S IDEA.



GIVE YOU TWO BUCKS FOR A MOB OF MANGY MUTTS? SCAT, KID! I'M BUSY LOOKING FOR MRS. FINE'S PEDIGREED DOG?

SADLY TEDDY REPORTS BACK TO HIS PALS.



.. SO WE'RE STUCK WITH 'EM.. BUT HOW CAN WE FEED ALL THOSE ANIMALS?

THINGS ARE INDEED BAD BUT WHO IS THIS STRANGE INDIVIDUAL LURKING AT THE FENCE?



HOWDY, KIDS? I'D LIKE TO TALK OVER SOME BUSINESS WITH YOU!

I'M SCRATCHUM OF SCRATCHUM'S FLEA CIRCUS. THIS MORNIN' I VISITED MRS. GIMMICK AN' I LOST MY BEST TRAINED FLEA... I HAVE A HUNCH ELOISE IS ON MRS. GIMMICK'S DOG?



THIS IS THE MUTT? AH! THERE YOU ARE, ELOISE? COME TO PAPA, YOU BAO GIRL?



SCRATCHUM ENCLOSES ELOISE IN AN AERIAL Cellophane PILL BOX.

.. HER TRAVELING CRATE .. HERE, KIDS. A QUARTER A PIECE!

GEEE!

THANKS FOR TAKING CARE OF ELOISE.. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ALL THOSE OOGS.. SOON'S IT'S DINNER TIME THEY'LL ALL STREAK FOR HOME? SO LONG?

MEANWHILE MRS. JONATHAN FINN WEEPS OVER THE LOSS OF HER PET BULL DOG.

MY POOR, POOR FIFI! JAMES, DRIVE AROUND THE ENTIRE CITY UNTIL WE FIND FIFI!

YES, M'AM?

THE FINN LIMOUSINE PASSES THE KID PATROL'S YARD.

JAMES.. STOP AT ONCE! LISTEN TO ALL THOSE DOGS? MAYBE FIFI..

AND WHEN MRS. FINN ENTERS THE YARD..

FIFI!

ARF! ARF!

YOU ADORABLE CHILDREN! JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM, HERE'S FIFTY DOLLARS!

WHY.. WE IS GOIN' TO DE PET STORE AN' BUY US EACH A PUPPY OAWG!

THE KIDS TUMBLE OUT OF THE YARD, CRAZY WITH JOY.

HI, KIDS? SAY, WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?

HUH? F-F-F-F-???

F-FIFTY? GULP!

FIFTY D-D-D-ULP!

FIFTY DOLLARS? WHEE!

SO ANOTHER ROLICKING KID PATROL ADVENTURE IS OVER.. UNTIL NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS



FLORIDA... VACATIONLAND BECKONS THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP, DANNY DIXON, AND HIS MANAGER, "BOTTLE" TOPPS

OH BOY, AM I GONNA RELAX IN THE SUN... JUST ONE LONG LOAF..

.. BY THE WAY, I'VE ARRANGED A PROGRAM FOR YOU HERE.. FOURTEEN PUBLIC APPEARANCES, A WEEKLY RADIO SHOW AND..

.. SIX TEA CLUTCHES, A MOVIE, SPORT SHORT, REFEREEING SOCIETY KIOS', LAOIES' AND PLAYBOYS' BOXING BOLTS....

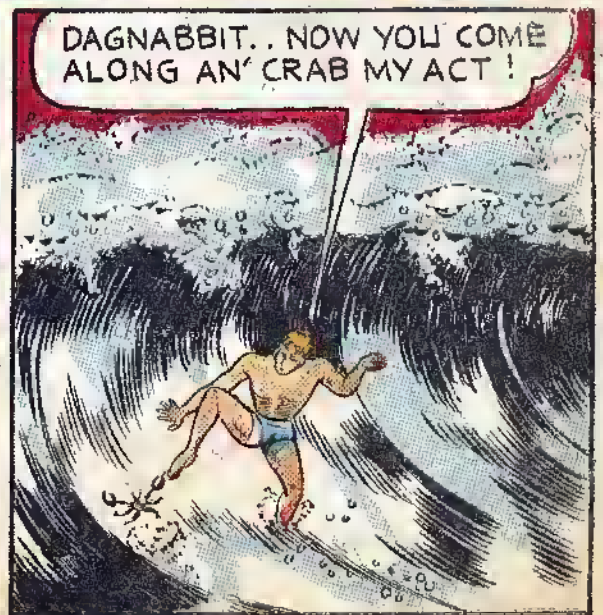
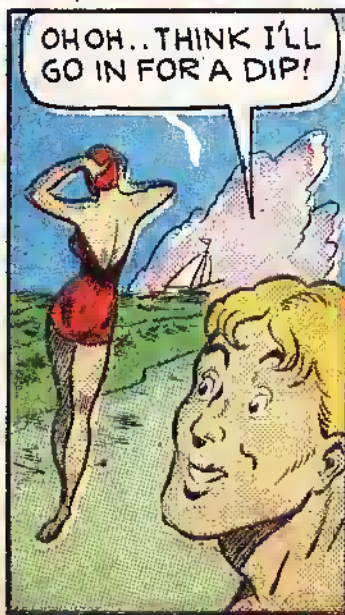
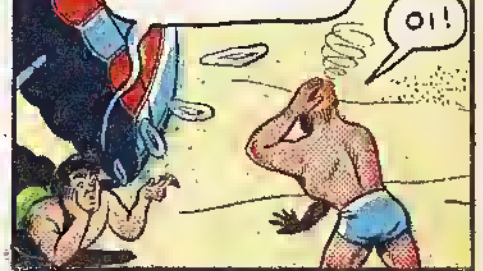
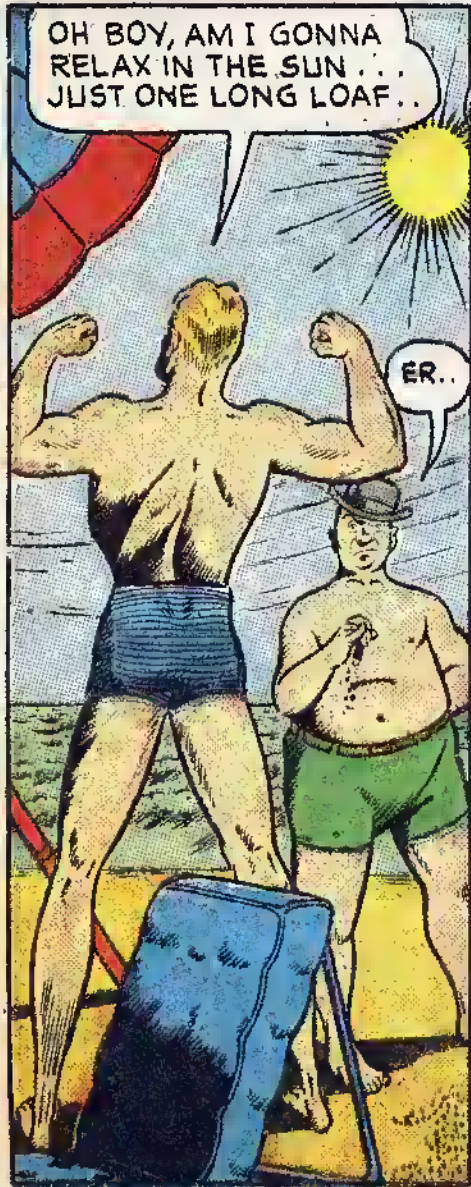
OI!

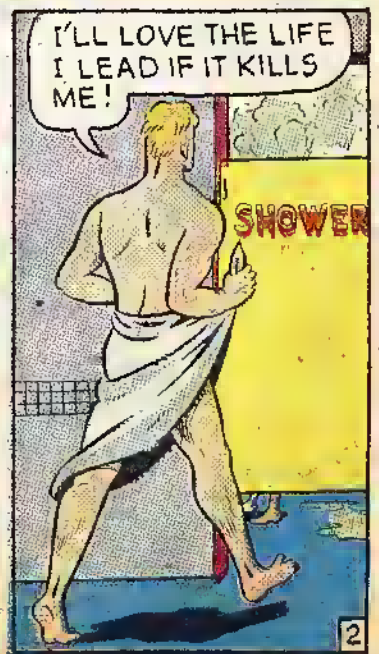
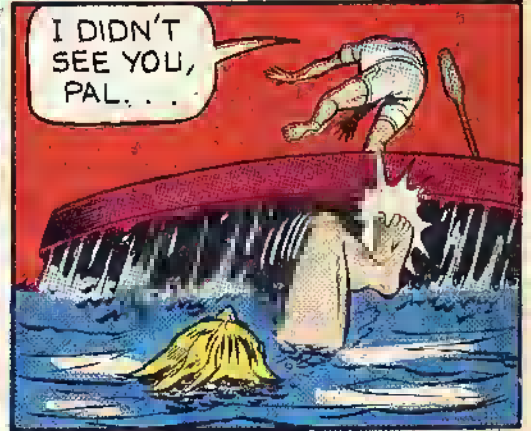
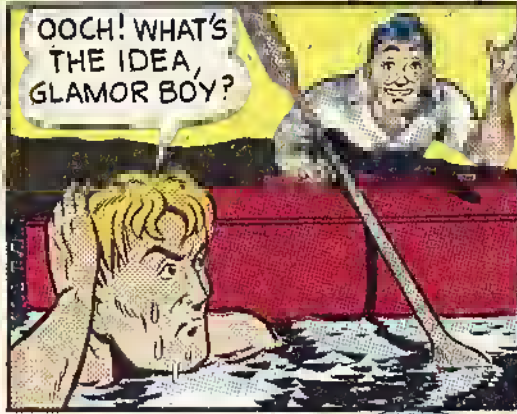
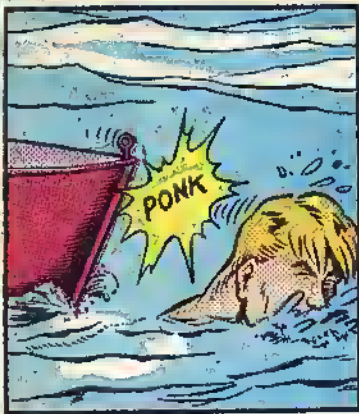
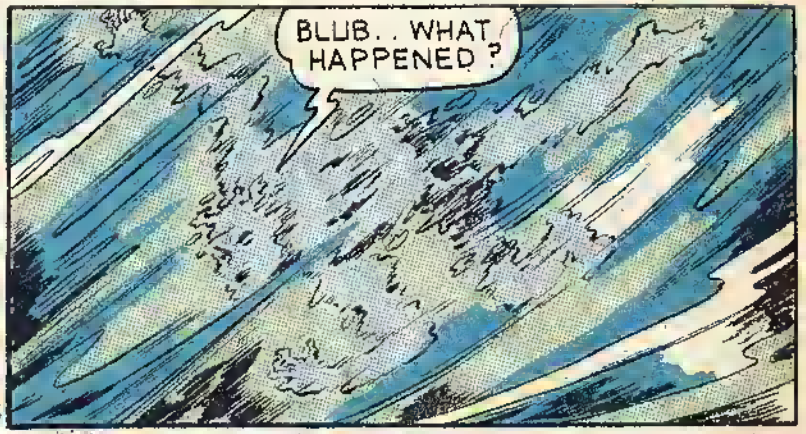
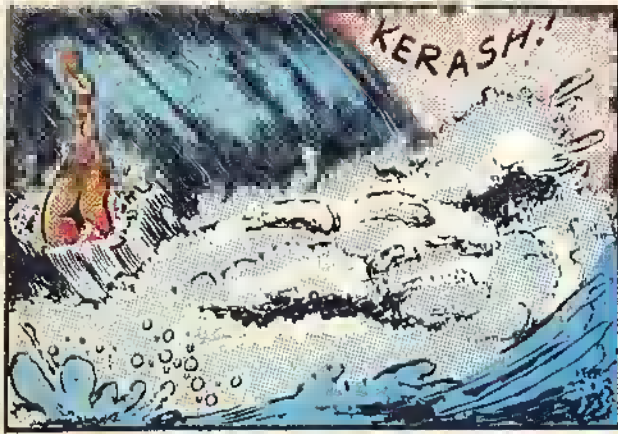
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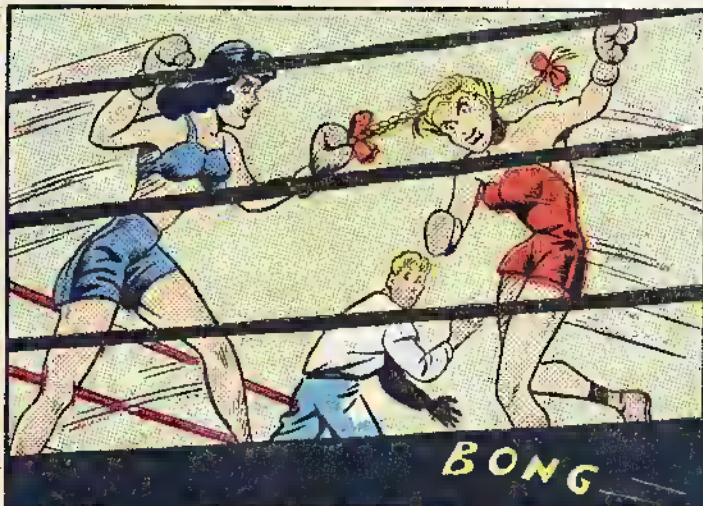
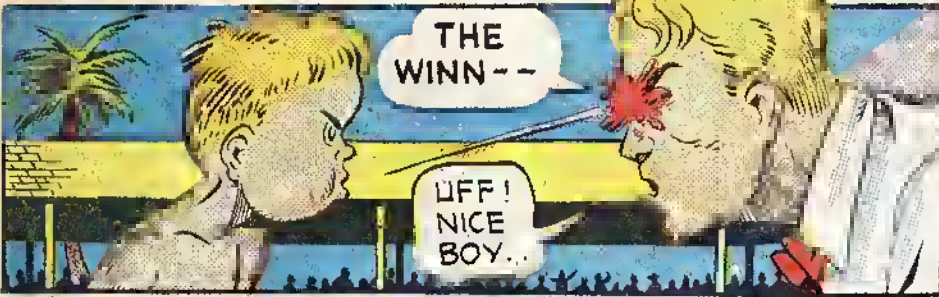
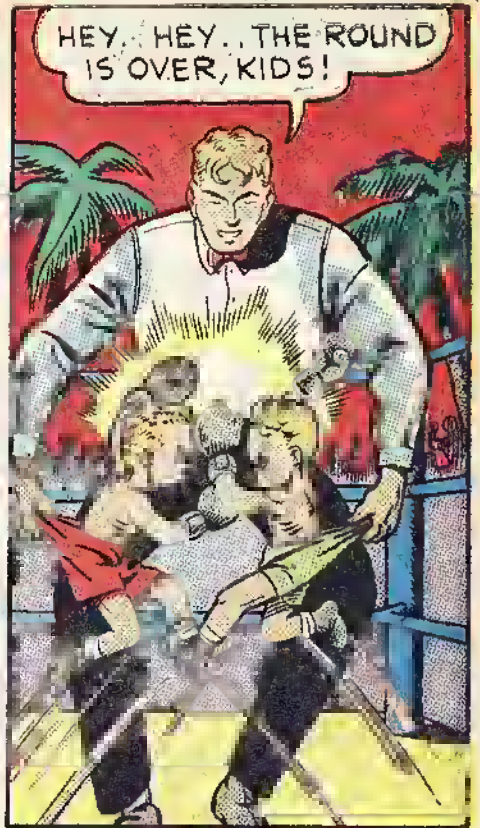
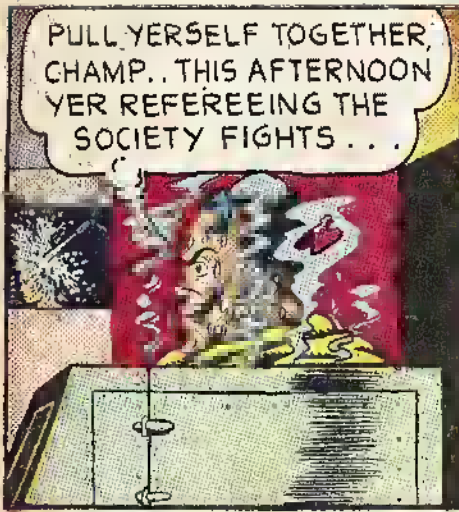
STOP! I GOT A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

OH OH.. THINK I'LL GO IN FOR A DIP!

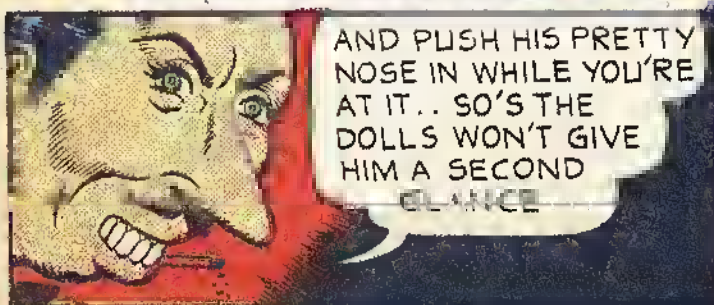
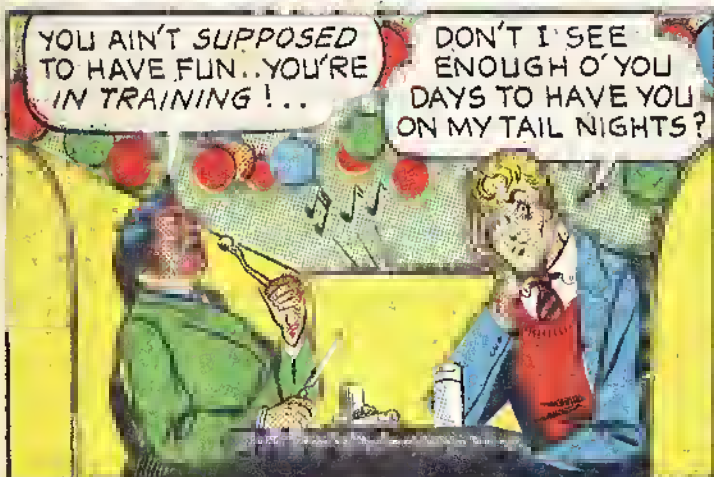
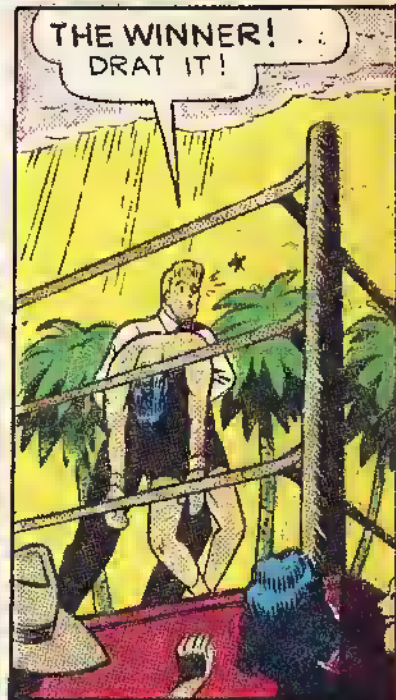
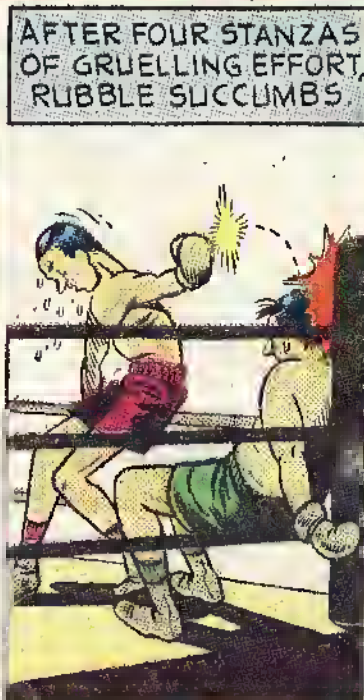
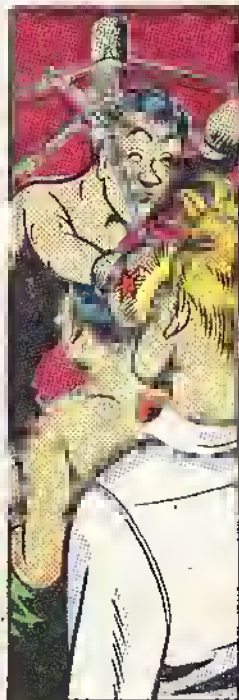
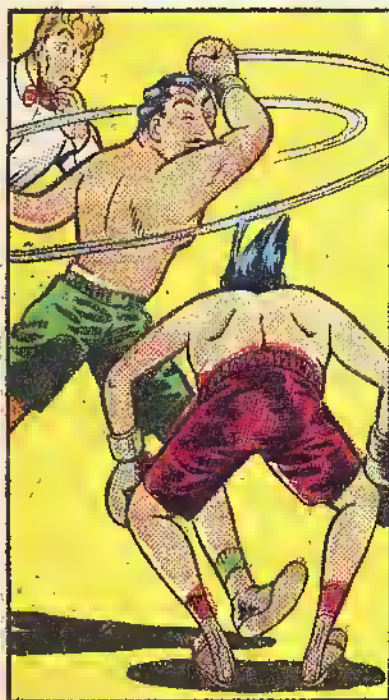
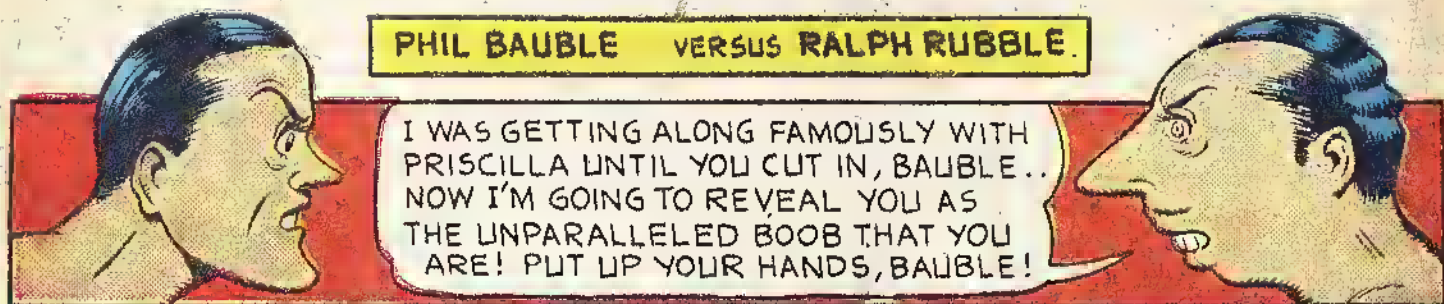
DAGNABBIT.. NOW YOU COME ALONG AN' CRAB MY ACT!

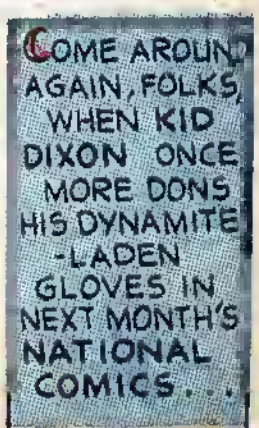
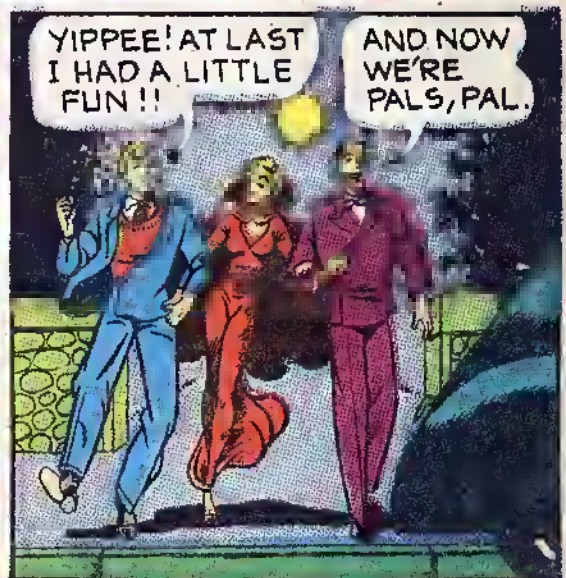
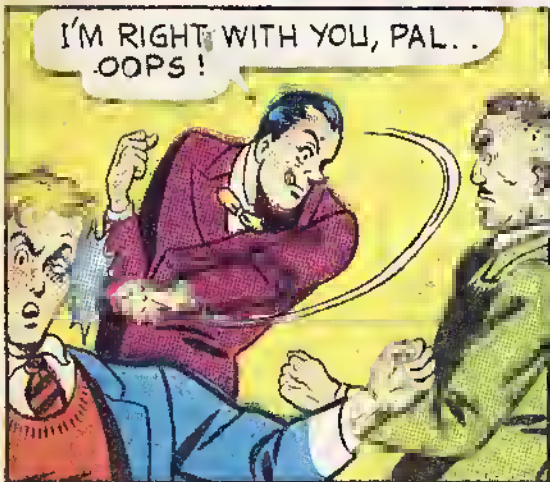
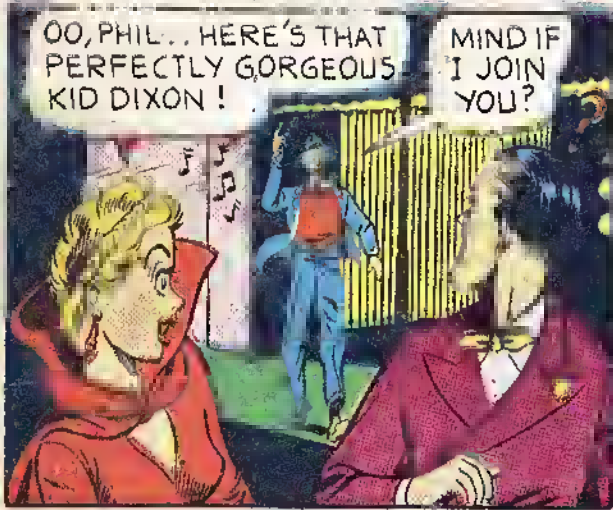


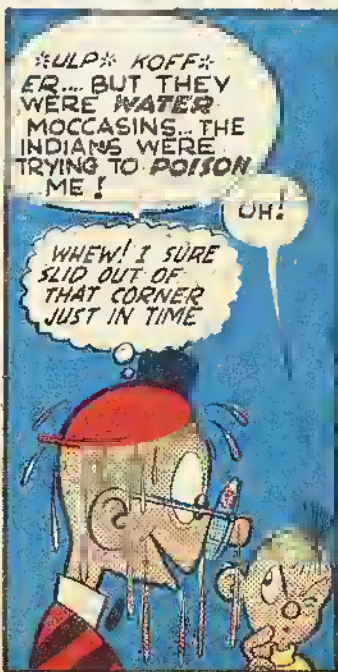
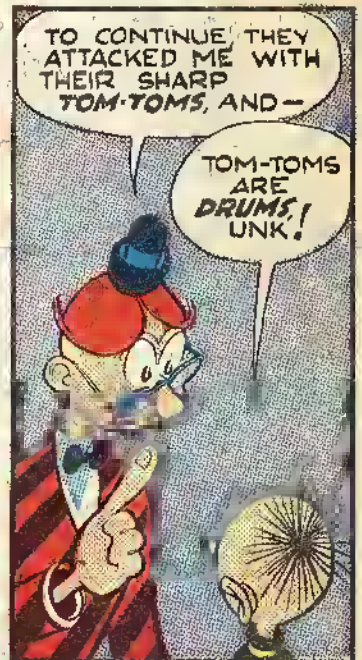
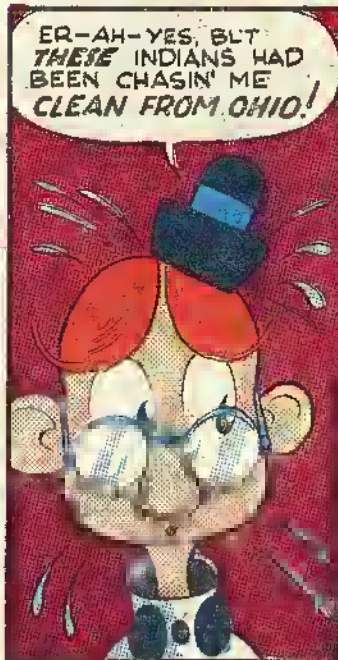
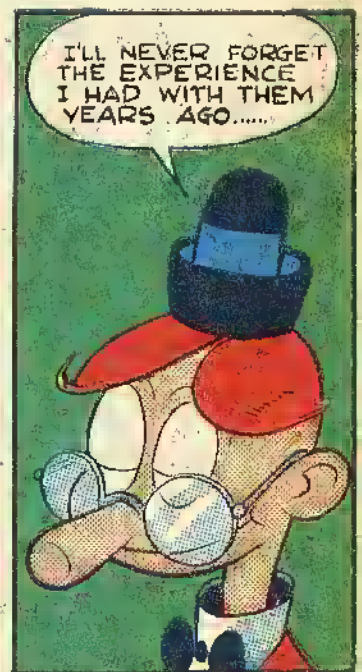




PHIL BAUBLE VERSUS RALPH RUBBLE.







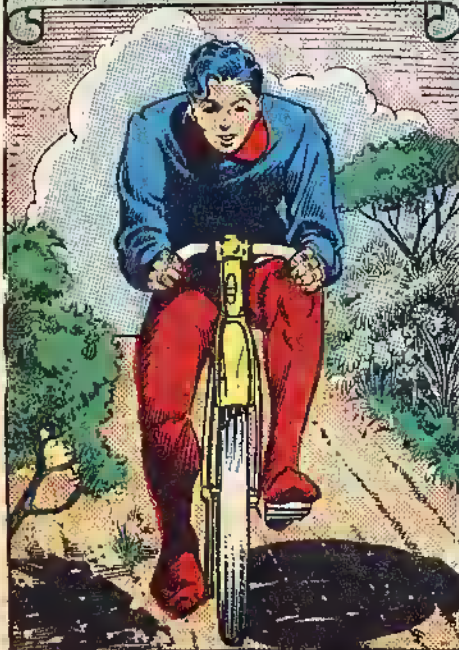
WONDER BOY

BY
Jerry
Maxwell

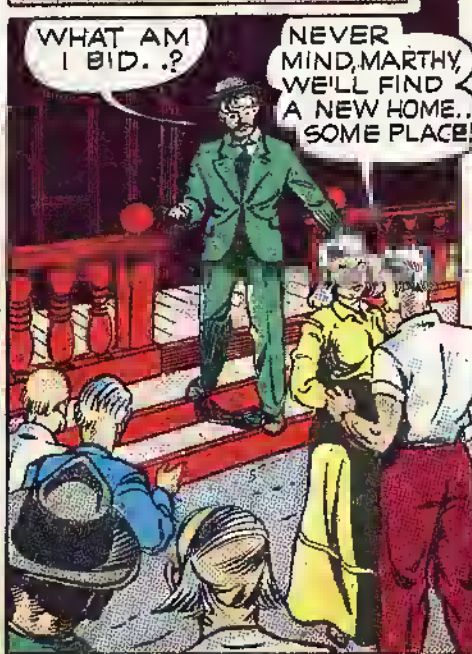
HALF-PINT IN SIZE BUT A FULL
GROWN TORNADO IN POWER
AND ACTION, **WONDER BOY**
PITS HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH AND
SKILL AGAINST THE DISCIPLES
OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE.



ONE DAY WONDER BOY
IS PEDALLING ALONG A
COUNTRY ROAD WHEN...



HE SEES AN OLD FARM
COUPLE'S POSSESSIONS
BEING AUCTIONED OFF.



WHAT AM
I BID..?

NEVER
MIND, MARTHY,
WE'LL FIND
A NEW HOME..
SOME PLACE!

SAY THAT'S A SHAME!
NICE LOOKING OLD
COUPLE TOO! I'D BETTER
STOP AND SEE IF I
CAN HELP THEM!



THE AUCTIONEER HOLDS UP AN OLD OIL PAINTING.

WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS PITCHER? KINDER OLD BUT IT MIGHT BE BRIGHTENED UP WITH A LITTLE SOAP AND WATER!

ONE DOLLAR? ONLY ONE DOLLAR? GOING... GOING...

BUT WONDER BOY CRIES OUT IN EXCITEMENT.

STOP! DON'T SELL THAT PAINTING! IT'S AN OLD MASTER, WDRTH THOUSANDS OF OOLLARS!

I KNOW WHERE I CAN SELL IT IN THE CITY! IT'LL BRING ENOUGH TO SAVE YOUR HOME AND KEEP YOU FOR LIFE!

THE SALE IS CALLED OFF AND THE AUCTIONEER AND THE NEIGHBORS CONGRATULATE THE OLD COUPLE

MY! MY!

SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

MIGHTY GOOD NEWS ZEB! HOPE THATS BOY AIN'T SPOOFIN'!

TWO SHADY LDKING CHARACTERS STOP BY.

YOU SAY THEY FOUND A VALUABLE PICTURE?

YEP, 'SPOSED TO BE WORTH A HEAP D' FOLDING MDNEY!

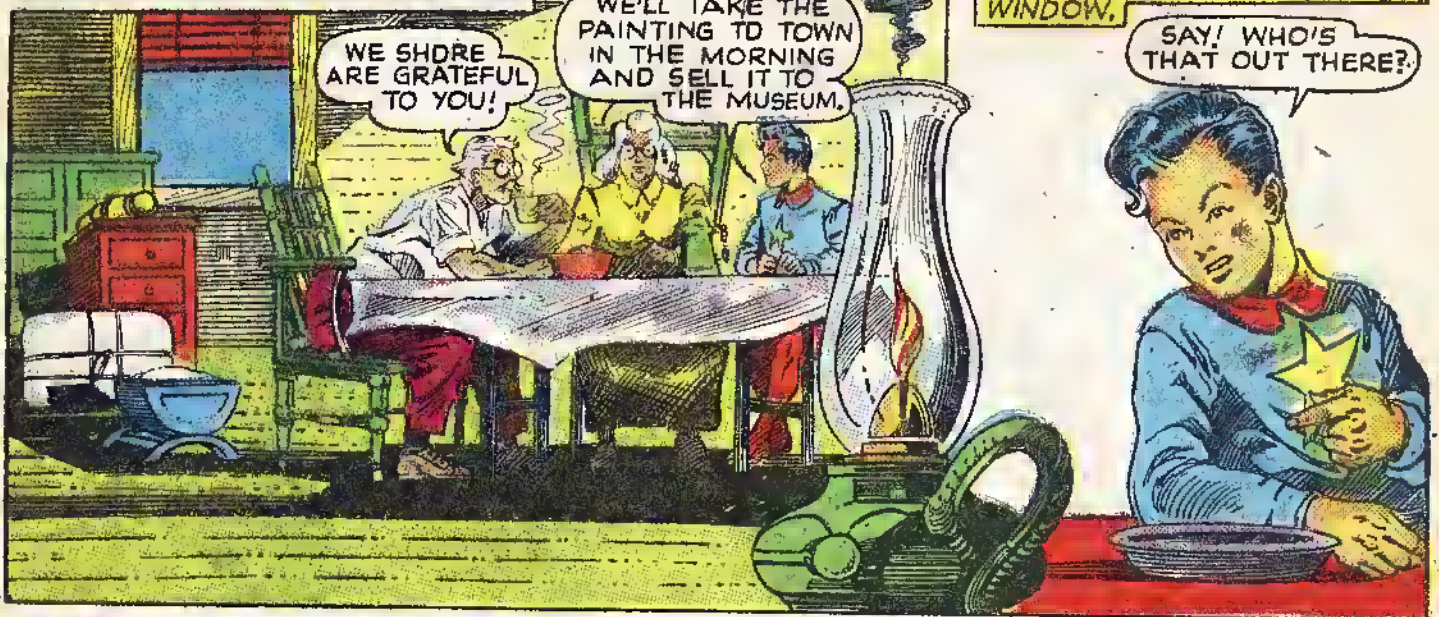
THE CAR ROARS OFF IN A CLOUD OF DUST.

MARTY, I'M TAKIN' A SUDDEN INTEREST IN DE FINE ARTS!

WDNDER WHAT THEM CITY SLICKERS IS GRINNIN' ABOUT?

ME TOO BOSS!

THAT EVENING WONDER BOY SHARES A SIMPLE MEAL WITH THE OLD COUPLE.



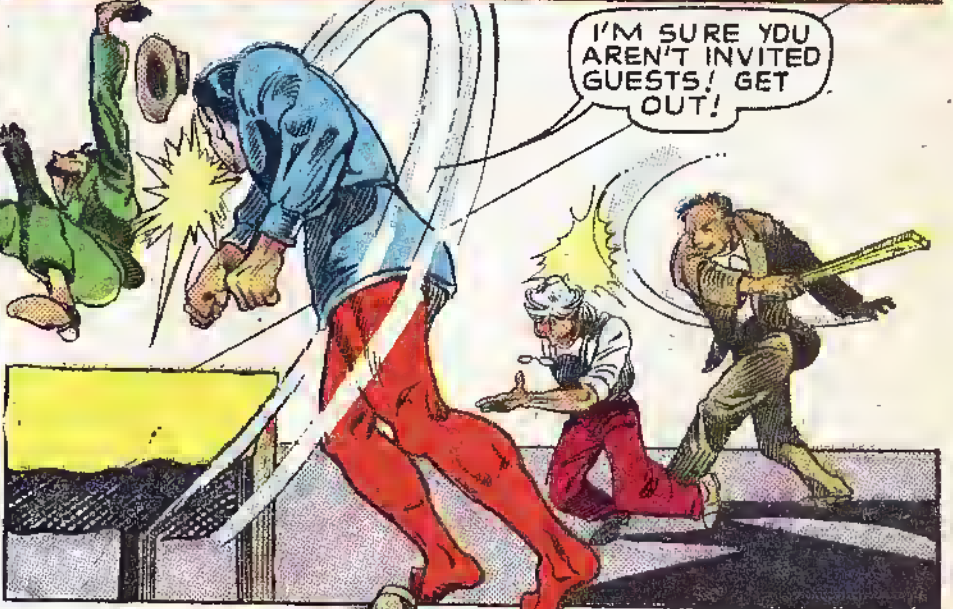
SUDDENLY HE NOTICES TWO EVIL FACES OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

SAY! WHO'S THAT OUT THERE?

THE TWO HOODLUMS GAZE GREEDILY AT THE VALUABLE PICTURE.



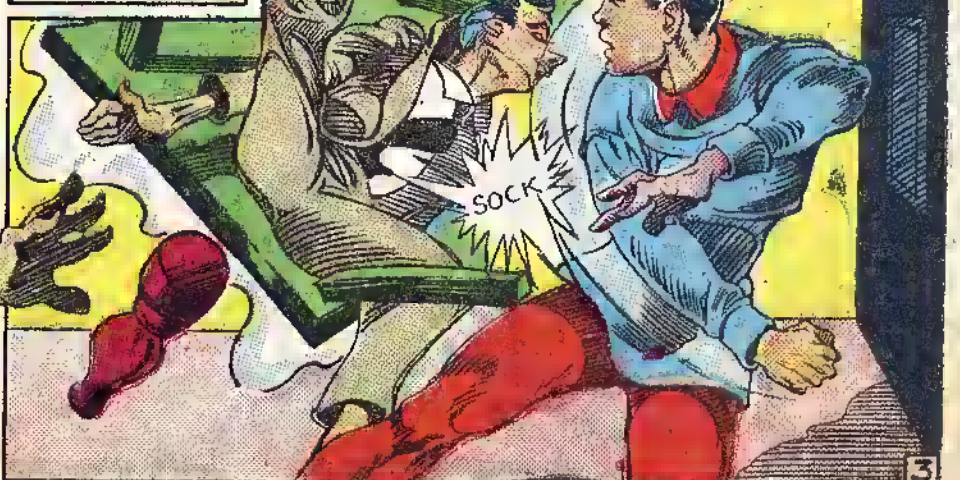
AS THEY ENTER THE HOUSE WONDER BOY GOES INTO ACTION.



ONE THUG FELS THE OLD LADY WITH A CRUEL SLAP.



WONDER BOY KNOCKS HIM OVER THE KITCHEN TABLE. THE KEROSENE LAMP FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

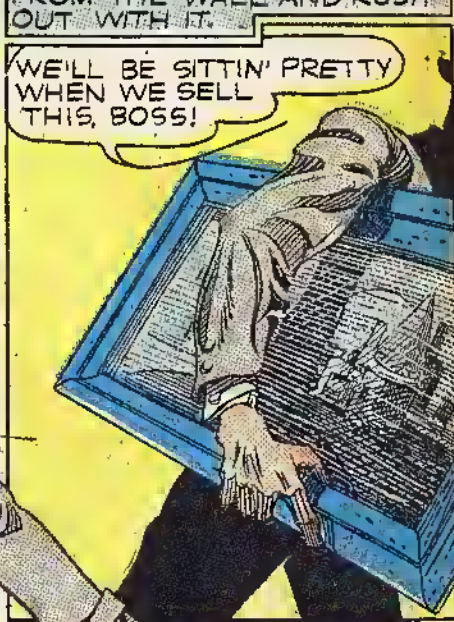
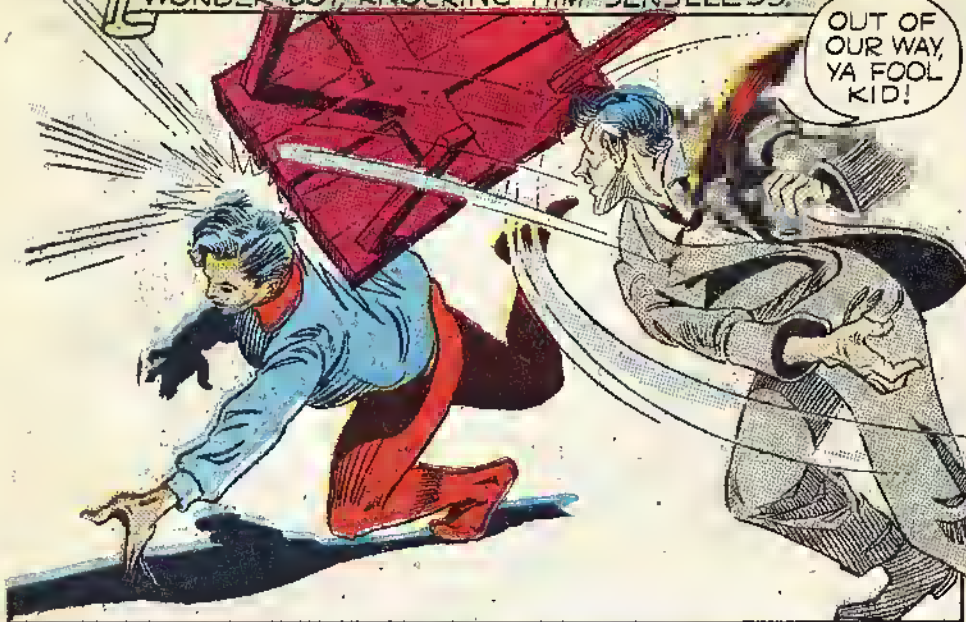


BUT THE ENRAGED CROOK HURLS THE TABLE AT WONDER BOY, KNOCKING HIM SENSELESS.

OUT OF OUR WAY, YA FOOL KID!

THE THUGS RIP THE PICTURE FROM THE WALL AND RUSH OUT WITH IT.

WE'LL BE SITTIN' PRETTY WHEN WE SELL THIS, BOSS!

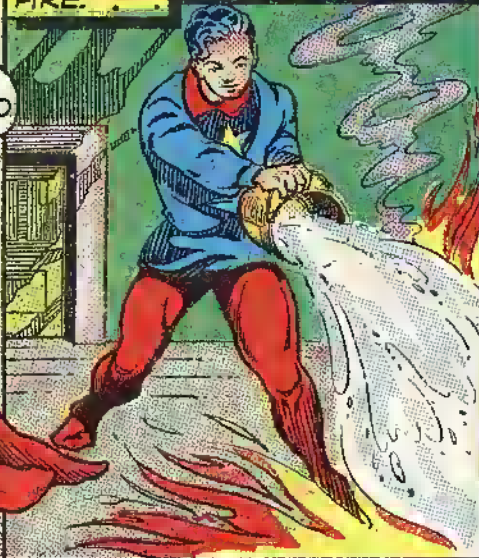
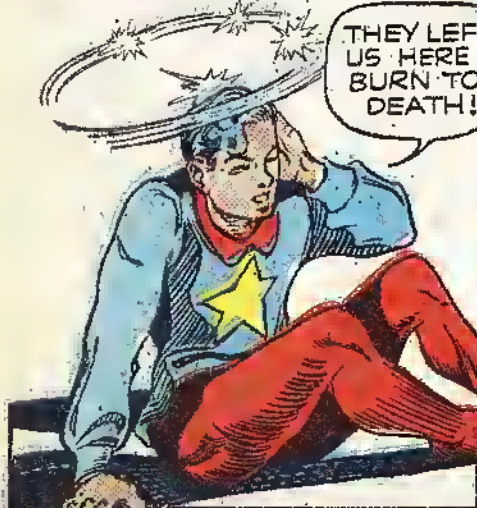


WHEN WONDER BOY REVIVES, FLAMES FROM THE FALLEN LAMP ARE LICKING UP THE WALL.

BUT HE FILLS A BUCKET WITH WATER AND DROWNS THE FIRE.

OUTSIDE, THE CROOKS ARE FLEEING. WONDER BOY SPOTS A BOX OF ROOFING NAILS.

THEY LEFT US HERE TO BURN TO DEATH!



I CAN'T CATCH THEM ON FOOT BUT...



HE RACES TO A HIGH BLUFF ABOVE THE ROAD.

WONDER BOY HURLS A FISTFUL OF THE NAILS IN THE PATH OF THE THUGS' CAR.

FOUR BLOWOUTS AND THEN THERE IS A GRINDING CRASH.

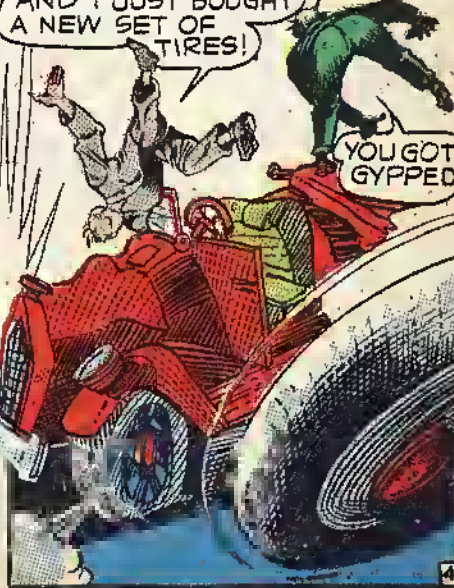
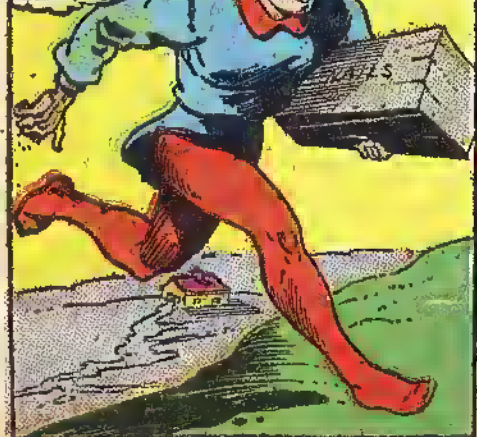
I JUST HOPE THIS SHORT CUT WILL GET ME TO THE BEND IN THE HIGHWAY IN TIME! THESE NAILS WILL COME IN HANDY!

HEY! IT'S THAT PESKY KID AGAIN!

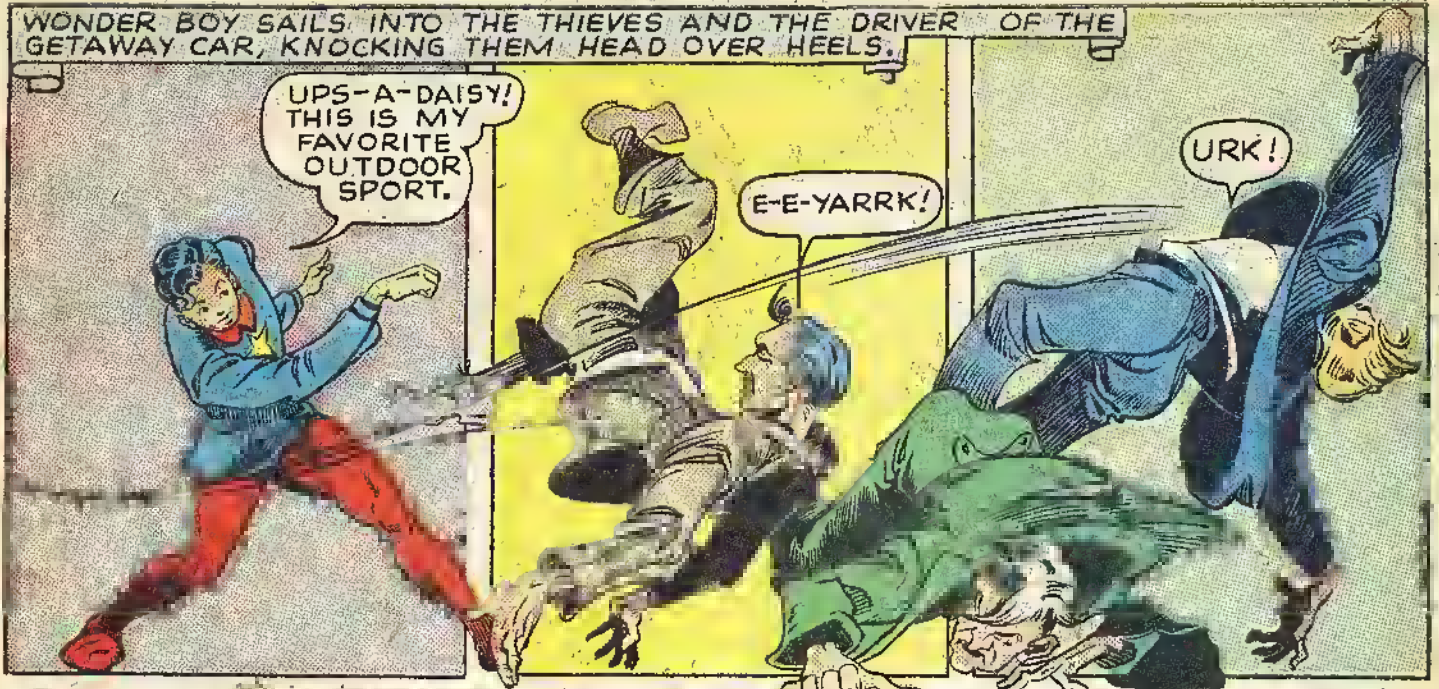
YES, AND I'M GOING TO MAKE A REAL NUISANCE OF MYSELF THIS TIME!

AND I JUST BOUGHT A NEW SET OF TIRES!

YOU GOT GYPED



WONDER BOY SAILS INTO THE THIEVES AND THE DRIVER OF THE GETAWAY CAR, KNOCKING THEM HEAD OVER HEELS.

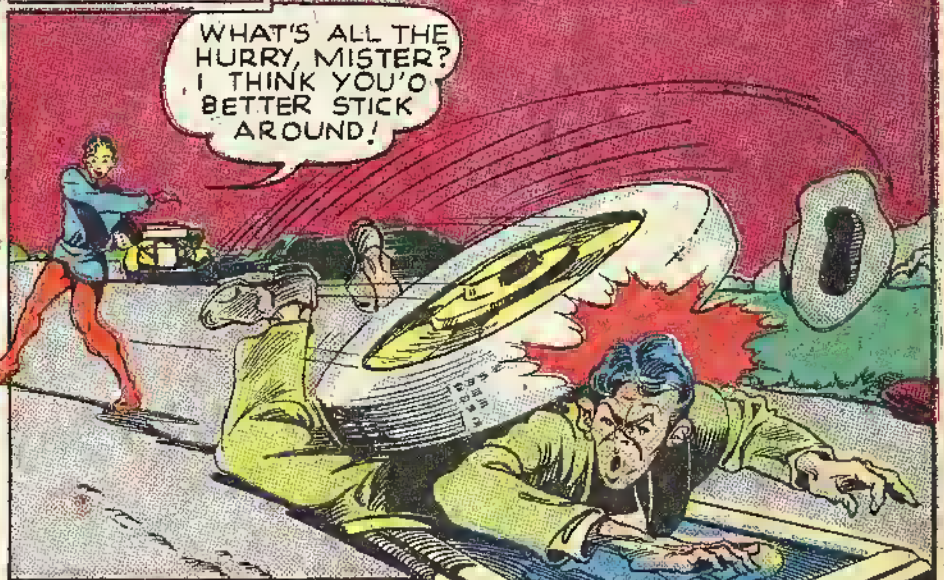


UPS-A-DAISY!
THIS IS MY
FAVORITE
OUTDOOR
SPORT.

E-E-YARRK!

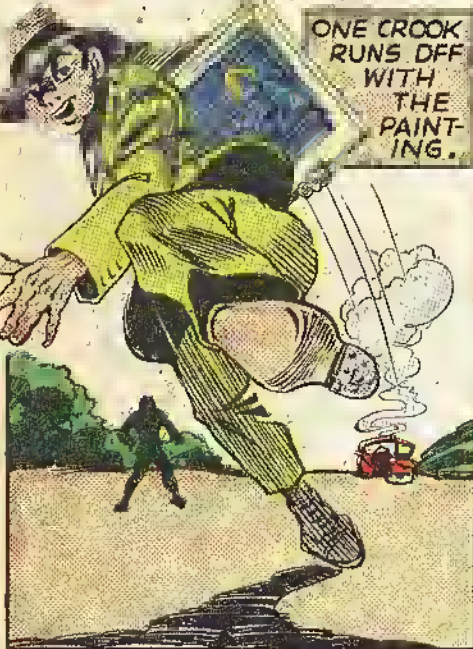
URK!

BUT WONDER BOY ROLLS HIM OUT FLAT WITH THE SPARE WHEEL.

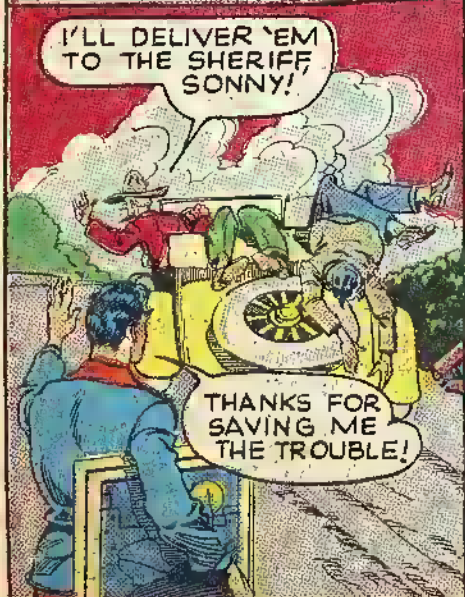


WHAT'S ALL THE
HURRY, MISTER?
I THINK YOU'D
BETTER STICK
AROUND!

ONE CROOK
RUNS OFF
WITH
THE
PAINT-
ING.



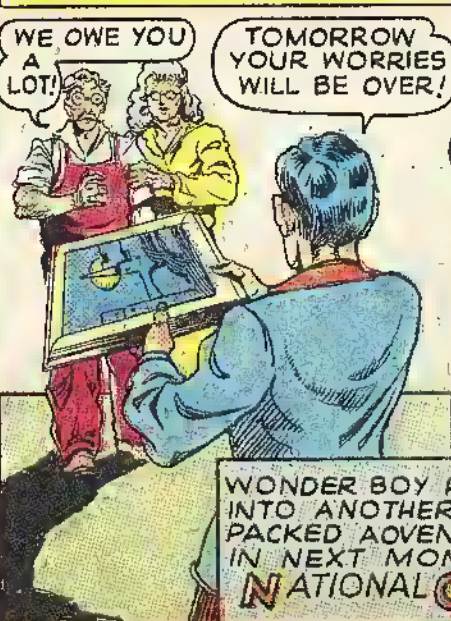
A PASSING FARMER LOADS THE UNCONSCIOUS THUGS INTO HIS JALOPY.



I'LL DELIVER 'EM
TO THE SHERIFF,
SONNY!

THANKS FOR
SAVING ME
THE TROUBLE!

WONDER BOY RETURNS THE PICTURE TO THE OLD COUPLE.



WE OWE YOU
A
LOT!

TOMORROW
YOUR WORRIES
WILL BE OVER!

HEAVENLY
DAYS!
HIRAM, WE MUST
SHARE IT
WITH THIS
YOUNG
MAN!

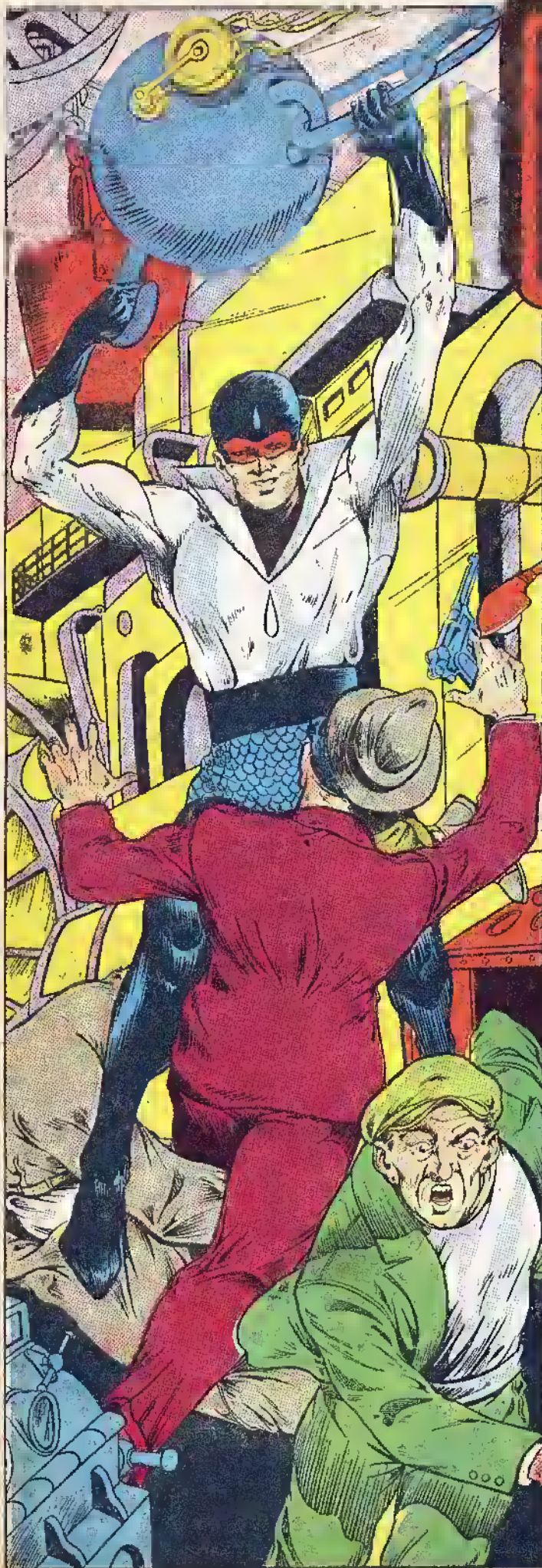
HERE IS YOUR CHECK
FOR TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

NO, THANKS.
I'D RATHER
HAVE ONE
OF YOUR
HOME
COOKED
MEALS!

WONDER BOY PLUNGES
INTO ANOTHER THRILL-
PACKED ADVENTURE
IN NEXT MONTH'S
NATIONAL COMICS.

THE
NEXT DAY
AT THE CITY
ART MUSEUM.

OFFICE
CITY
ART
MUSEUM



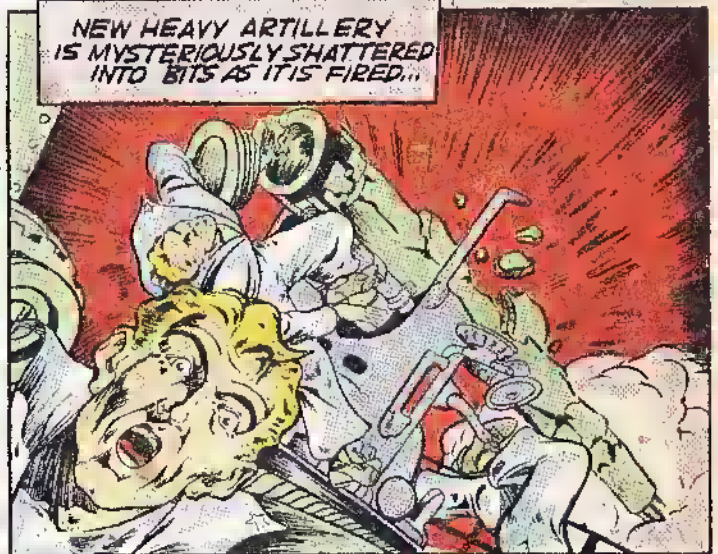
QUICKSILVER

The Laughing Robin Hood
by NICK CARDY

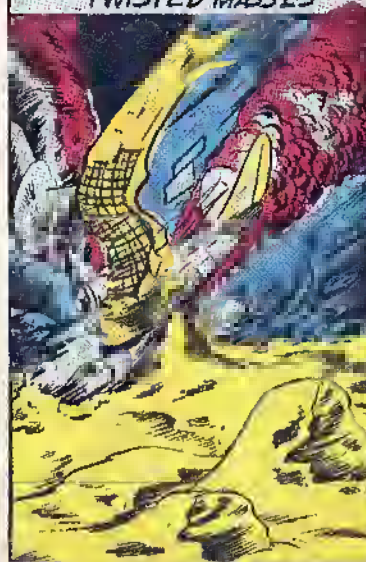
EVEN THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING DOESN'T SURPASS THAT POWERHOUSE OF HUMAN FORCE AND STAMINA... QUICKSILVER, THE ONE-MAN BLITZKRIEG, PROTECTING JUSTICE AND RIGHT.....

A STRANGE MALADY STRIKES OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM... BAFFLING EVERYONE FROM ENGINEERS DOWN TO THE F.B.I.

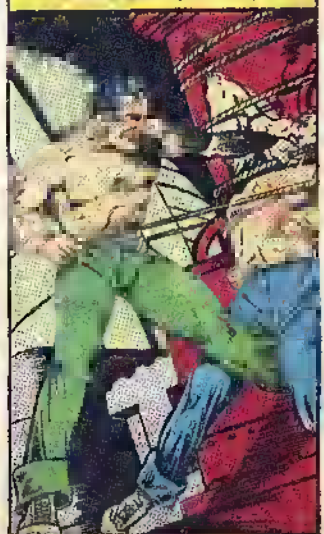
NEW HEAVY ARTILLERY IS MYSTERIOUSLY SHATTERED INTO BITS AS IT IS FIRED...

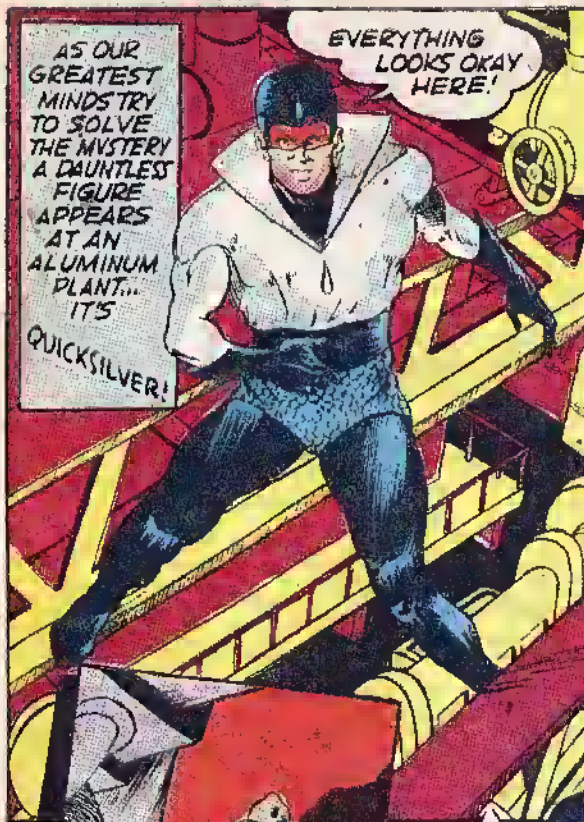


GIANT BOMBERS SUDDENLY COLLAPSE IN THE AIR AND CRASH TO EARTH, TORN, TWISTED MASSES



WORKERS ARE SECRETLY ATTACKED AND DEFENSE PRODUCTION DROPS OFF DANGEROUSLY...

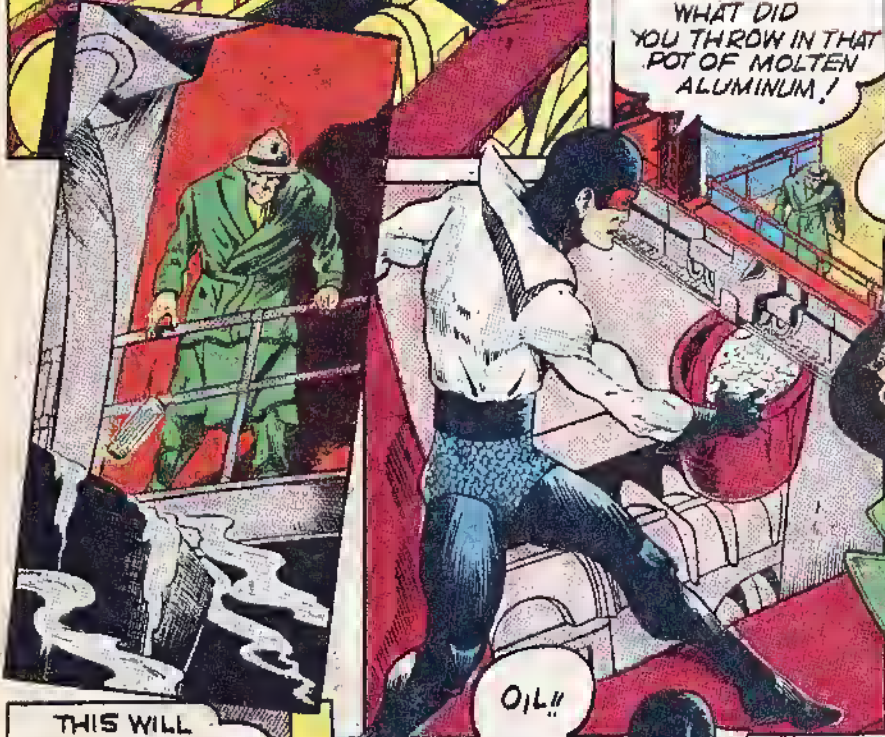




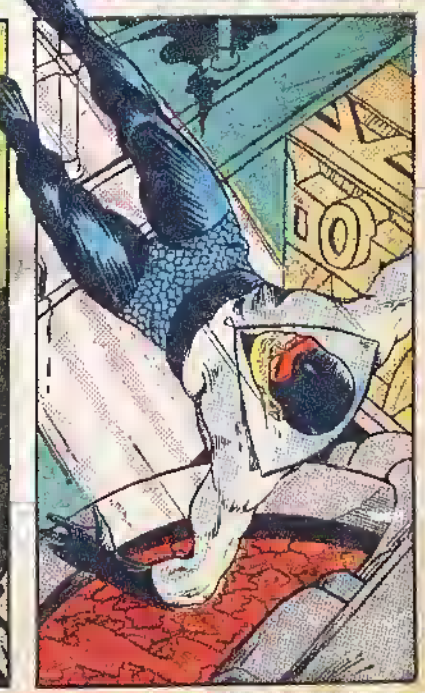
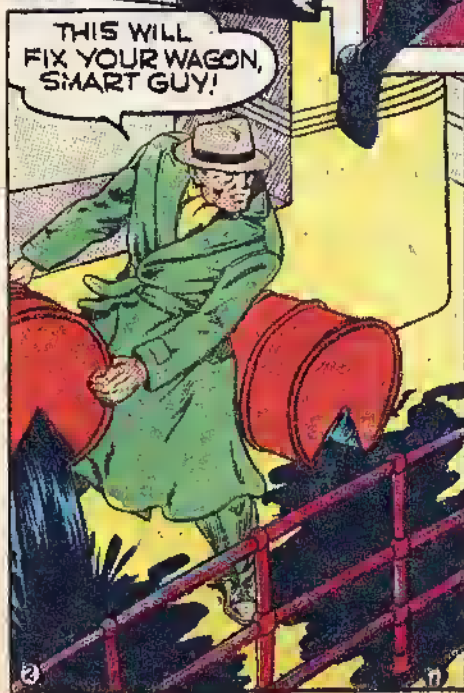
THIS IS ONE PLACE THOSE SMART SCIENTISTS DIDN'T THINK OF LOOKING... THE PLACE WHERE THE METAL COMES FROM!!



WHAT DID YOU THROW IN THAT POT OF MOLTEN ALUMINUM?!



BEFORE QUICKSILVER CAN STRIKE, THE MYSTERIOUS PLOWLER DASHES OFF



HEH, HEH, HEH...
THAT'S YOUR
FINISH, NOSEY!

BUT A QUICK FLIP AND QUICKSILVER
THROWS HIMSELF CLEAR...

HE GRABS
THE BOTTOM
OF THE VAT OF
MOLTEN METAL!

WOW.. NOW I AM
IN A FIX AND
SMART GUY IS ON
HIS WAY OUT OF
HERE!

MAYBE
SWINGING THIS
TUB WILL DO
THE TRICK!

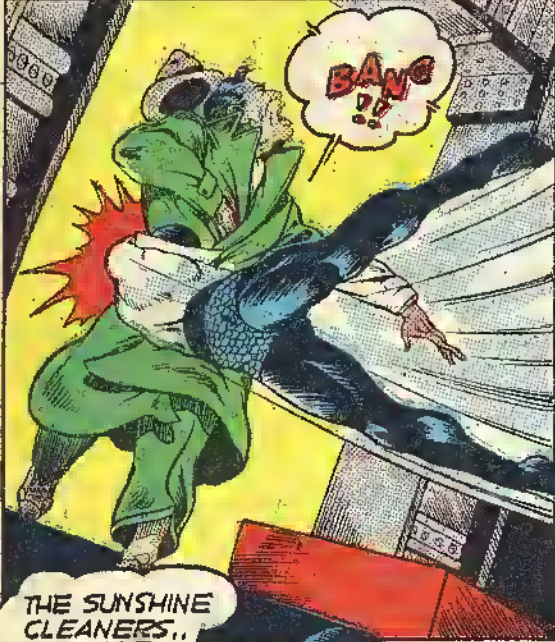
AS THE VAT TIPS
AND THE MOLTEN
ALUMINUM POURS
DOWN BEHIND HIM
QUICKSILVER
STREAKS OUT..

YOU!

YES-AND IT'S YOUR
FINISH INSTEAD
OF MINE AS YOU
THOUGHT!!

HEY,
BUD!!

INSTANTLY, THE THUG REACHES FOR HIS GUN, BUT THE SPEED DEMON QUICKSILVER IS UPON HIM BEFORE HE CAN GET IT OUT OF THE HOLSTER OF HIS COAT.....



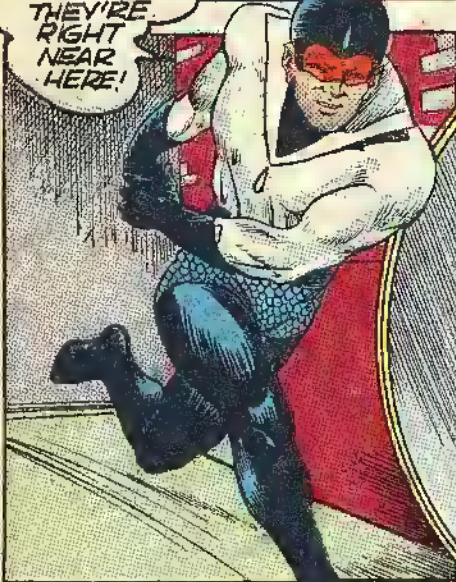
HOLY MACKERAL.. THE GUN WENT OFF AND KILLED HIM! WELL-THIS ENDED IN A HURRY...OR DID IT ?? MAYBE THIS GUY IS NOTHING MORE THAN A STOOGE FOR SOMEONE ELSE!



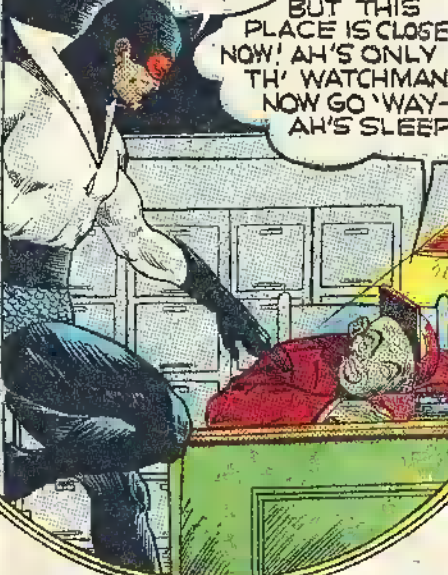
EXAMINING THE BODY, QUICKSILVER FINDS NO IDENTIFICATION CLUES EXCEPT A CLEANING CO. NUMBER..



THE SUNSHINE CLEANERS.. THEY'RE RIGHT NEAR HERE!



HEY- IS THIS WHERE YOU KEEP A RECORD OF THE NUMBERS YOU PUT ON THE SUITS YOU CLEAN?



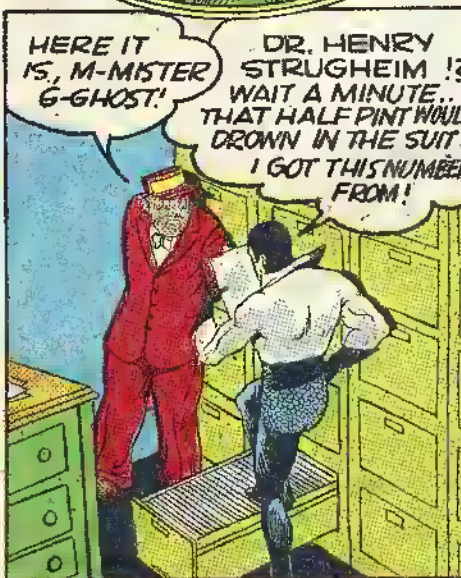
S-S-S- H-HOW'D YOU GET IN H-HERE? AH JUST LOCKED EVERY DOOR!!



I'M A GHOST!! NOW HURRY UP AND FIND OUT WHO BELONGS TO THIS NUMBER!

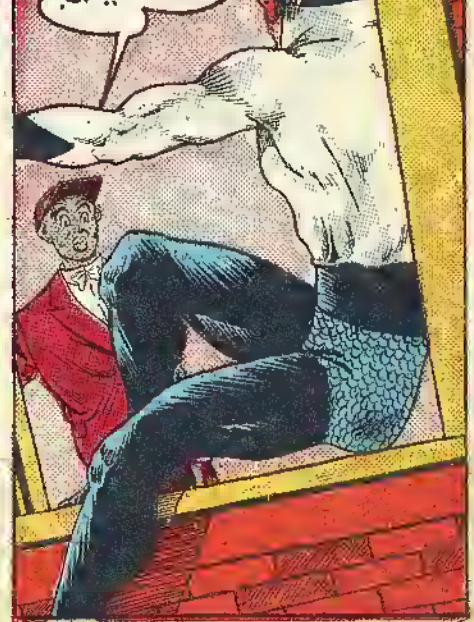


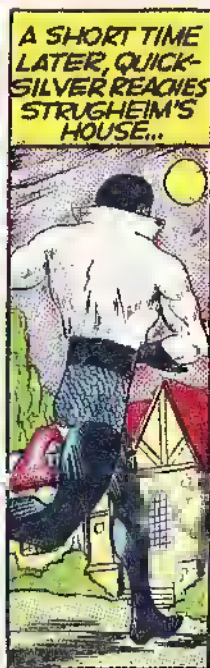
HERE IT IS, M-MISTER G-GHOST! DR. HENRY STRUGHEIM !? WAIT A MINUTE.. THAT HALF PINT WOULD DROWN IN THE SUIT I GOT THIS NUMBER FROM!

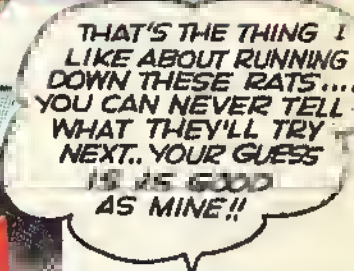
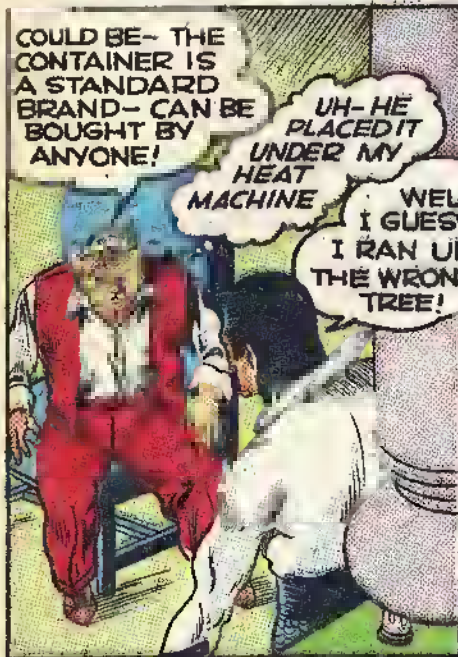
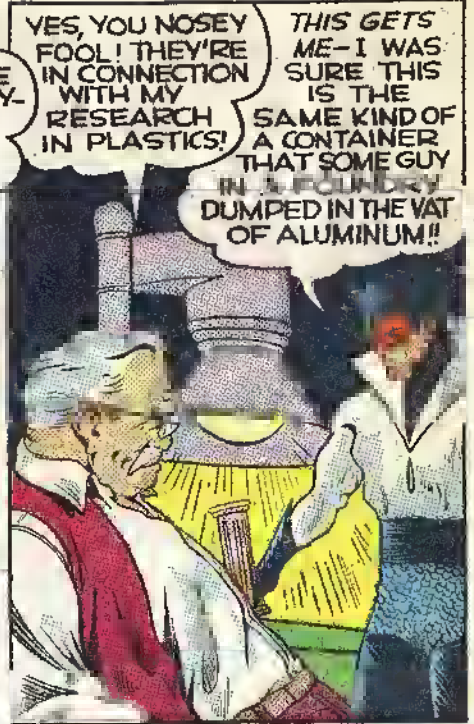
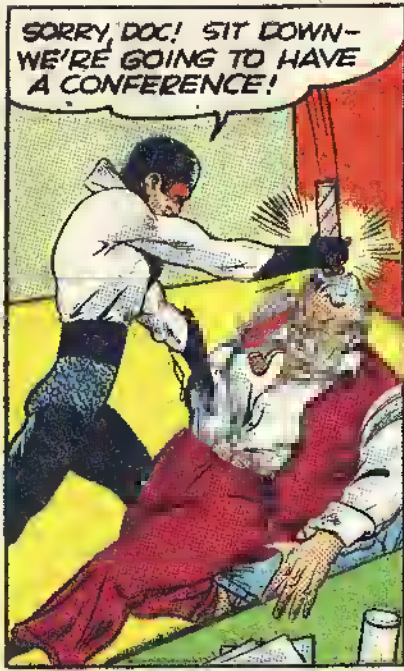


A FEW MINUTES LATER....

Y-YEAH SUH.. B-BUT HE SENDS IN DOZENS OF SUITS WAY TOO BIG FOR HIM EVERY WEEK... ALL SMEARED UP!!

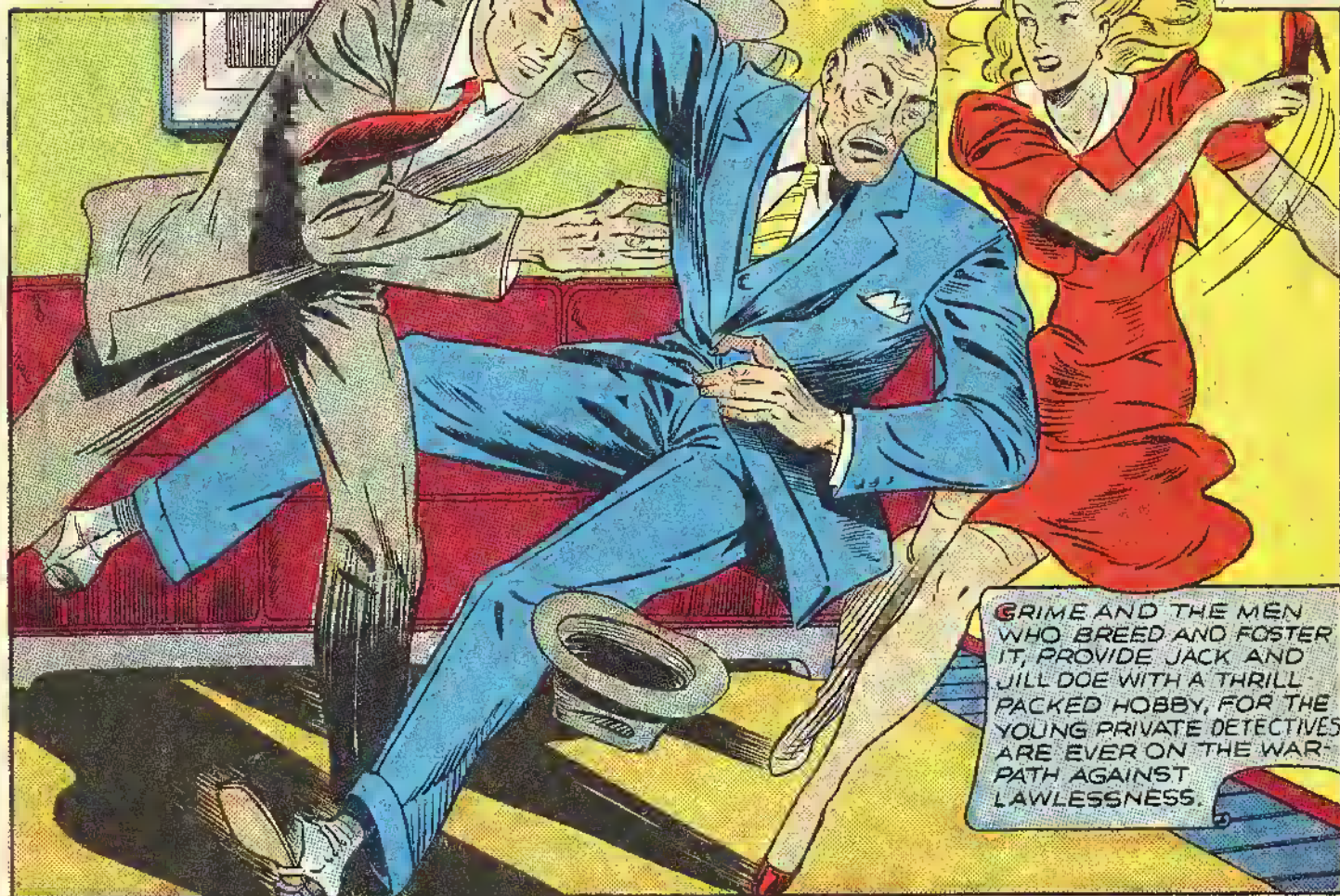






JACK *And* JILL

By
Lowell Riggs



CRIME AND THE MEN WHO BREED AND FOSTER IT, PROVIDE JACK AND JILL DOE WITH A THRILL-PACKED HOBBY, FOR THE YOUNG PRIVATE DETECTIVES ARE EVER ON THE WAR-PATH AGAINST LAWLESSNESS.

A GIRL STRIDES ANGRILY INTO JACK AND JILL'S OFFICE.

IF YOU TWO DETECTIVES ARE AS GOOD AS YOU'RE CRACKED UP TO BE, YOU'RE GOING TO EARN SOME MONEY!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MISS? WE AIM TO PLEASE!

I HOPE YOUR AIM IS GOOD. HERE'S MY STORY!

I WAS FLEECEED OUT OF \$500 BY AN AGENT NAMED HARRY HARPER, WHO CLAIMED HE'D GET ME IN THE MOVIES... HE SKIPPED TOWN AND I WANT YOU TO GET THE RAT!

IT'S NOT THE MONEY THAT BOTHERS ME... I'M ROBERTA VAN GUAROE AND I'LL PAY YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU'LL CATCH UP WITH THAT MAN HARPER!

IT'S A DEAL.



WHEN THE GIRL LEAVES, JILL TURNS ON JACK.

I'LL ADMIT SHE WAS PRETTY BUT DID YOU HAVE TO BE SO NICE TO HER?

DON'T BE SILLY, JILL! I'VE AN IDEA. PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER ASKING FOR A JOB AS AN ACTRESS!



HE PHONES JILL.



MEET ME AT THE RATHBUN HOTEL AT EIGHT!

I'LL BE THERE, MR. HARPER. I'M SO THRILLED!

HARPER THEN GETS DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

ER... MY FEE WHICH WILL GUARANTEE YOU A SCREEN TEST IS FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS... COULD YOU... ER... THAT IS...

OH! WHY OF COURSE!



JILL GOES TO THE ADVERTISING OFFICE OF THE EVENING BLADE.

"ACTRESS, LIMITED EXPERIENCE WISHES PART WITH STOCK COMPANY."

I HOPE HARPER BITES AT THIS BAIT!



HARRY HARPER, THE PHONY AGENT, READS JILL'S AD.

HA! THIS GAL SOUNDS LIKE A SOFT TOUCH. I'LL GIVE HER A CALL!



SHE LEAVES FOR THE APPOINTMENT.

DON'T WORRY, JILL, I'LL BE ON THE JOB!

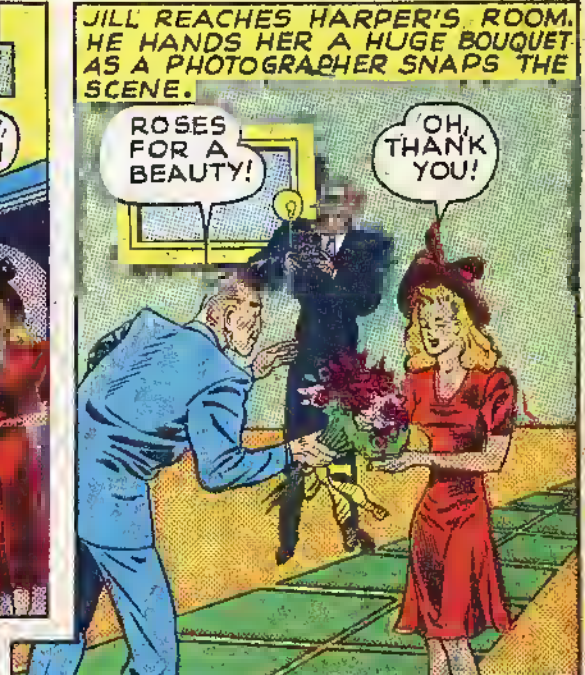
ALL RIGHT, JACK. BE SEEIN' YOU!



JILL REACHES HARPER'S ROOM. HE HANDS HER A HUGE BOUQUET AS A PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS THE SCENE.

ROSES FOR A BEAUTY!

OH, THANK YOU!



JILL WRITES A CHECK FOR THE AMOUNT AND HANDS IT OVER.

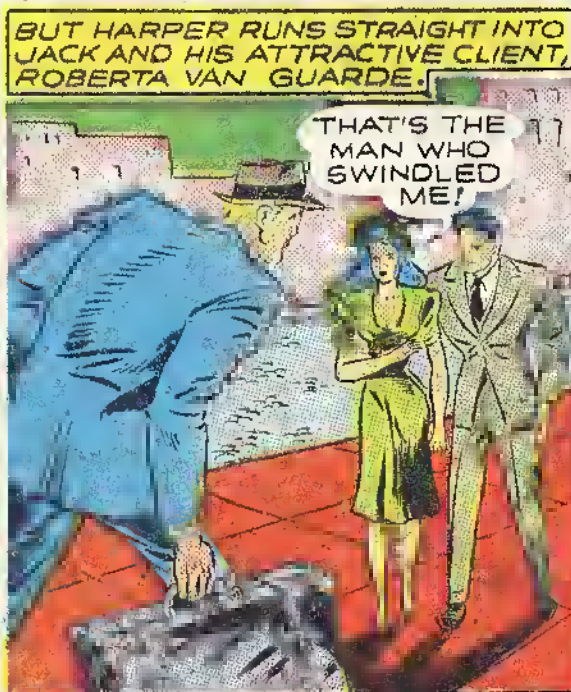
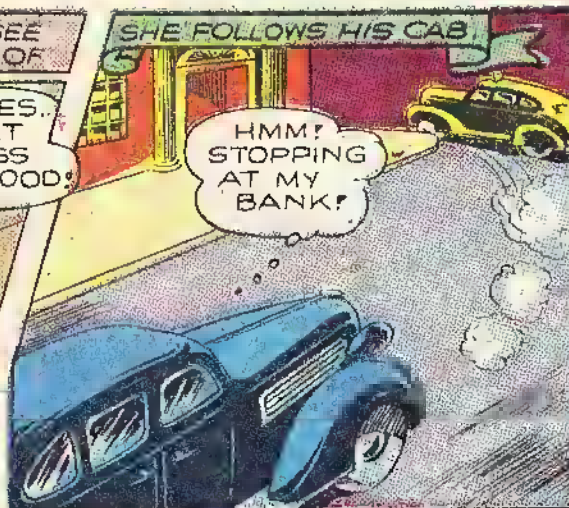
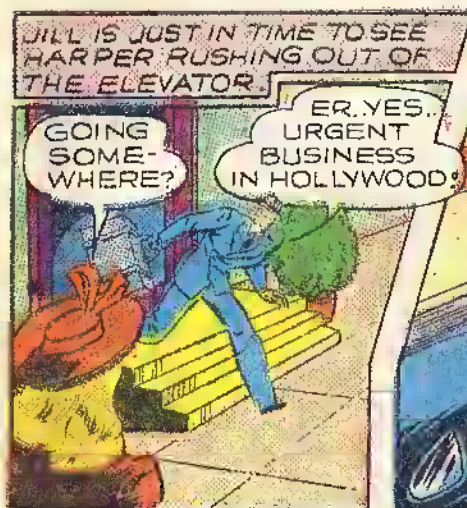
THANKS. HERES A NOTE WHICH WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE FAMOUS PRODUCER, FRED WILSON!

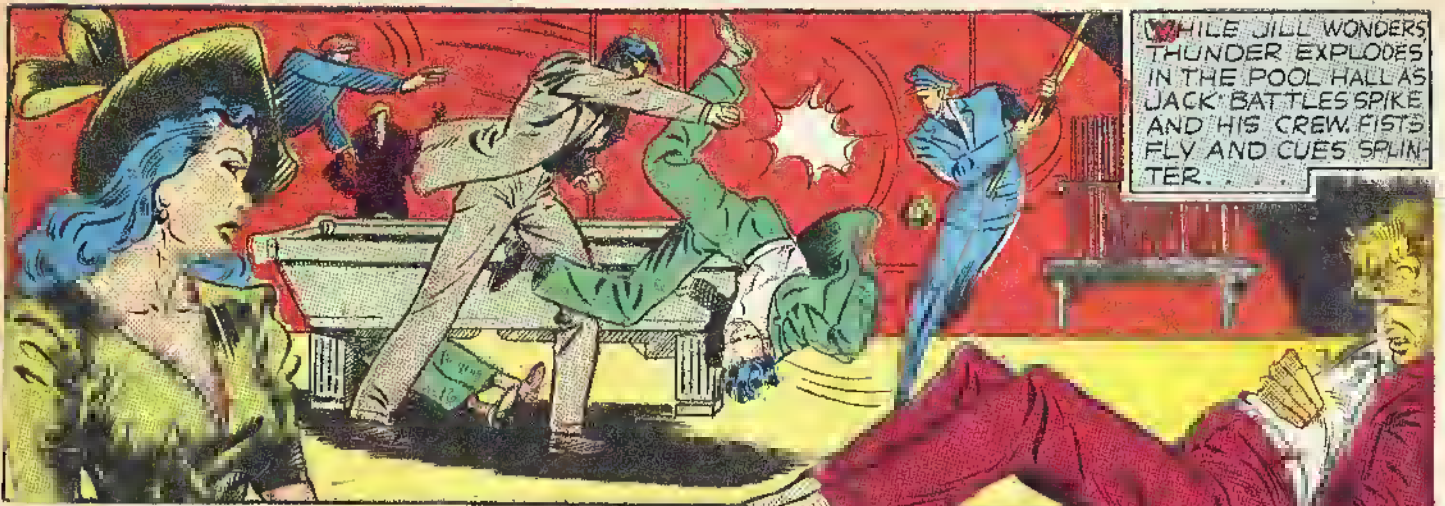


JILL CALLS MR. WILSON FROM THE LOBBY.

I'M SORRY, YOUNG LADY, BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HARRY HARPER. YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED!

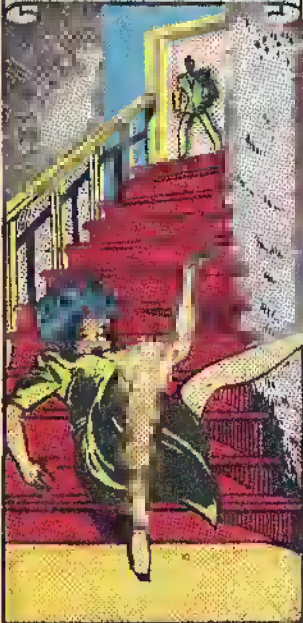






WHILE JILL WONDERS, THUNDER EXPLODES IN THE POOL HALL AS JACK BATTLES SPIKE AND HIS CREW. FISTS FLY AND CUES SPLINTER...

ROBERTA VAN GUARDE IS TOSSED UNCE-
MONIOUSLY DOWN
THE CELLAR STAIRS.



ROBERTA APPEARS
AND EXPLAINS.

HIS STORY'S QUITE
TRUE, OFFICER!! I'M
ONLY ONE OF THE
MANY GIRLS HARPER
HOODWINKED.

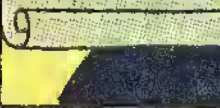


HARPER DRAWS A
GUN AS JACK RUSHES
HIM...



I DON'T GO IN
FOR KILLING,
BUT IF I MUST,
I MUST!

DRAWN BY THE
COMMOTION,
THE POLICE
ARRIVE TO
FIND JACK
SEARCHING
THE POCKETS
OF THE PRO-
STRATE "THEA-
TRICAL AGENT!"

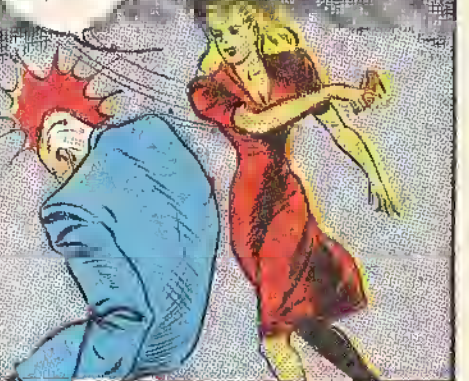


JUST THEN JILL
DASHES IN...



JUST A MINUTE,
MISTER!

A HEEL
FOR A
HEEL!



HEY, THERE!
ROBBIN'
THE POOR
MAN,
BE YOU?

KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON,
OFFICER!
THIS MAN'S
THE ROBBER!



JACK RETURNS JILL'S
AND ROBERTA'S MONEY.



HERE YOU ARE, MISS VAN GUARDE.
AND NEVER MIND THE FEE!

IT WAS A
PLEASURE
WASN'T IT,
JILL?

OH THANK
YOU! YOU
WERE WON-
DERFUL!

HMM! I'LL
SPEAK TO
YOU LATER,
JACK...
ALONE!!

JACK AND JILL TAKE
CRIME BY THE HORNS
AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S
**NATIONAL
COMICS**

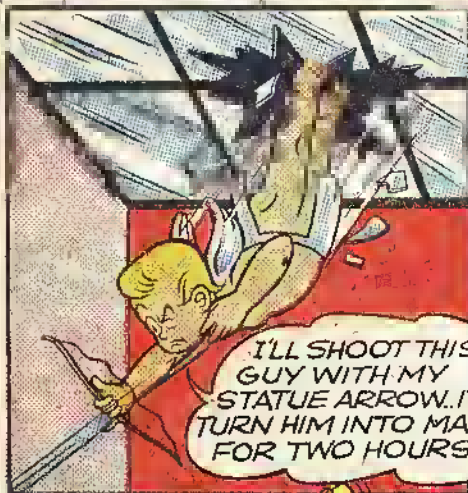
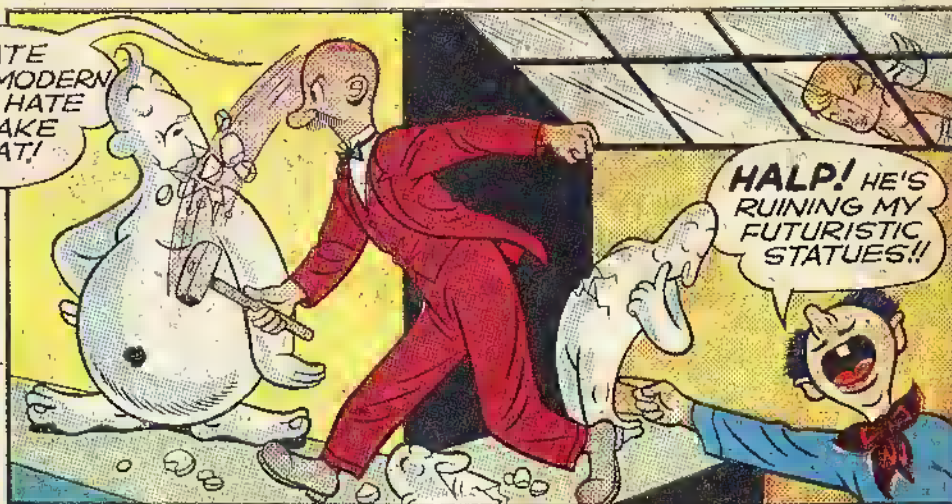
cyclone cupid

by GILL FOX

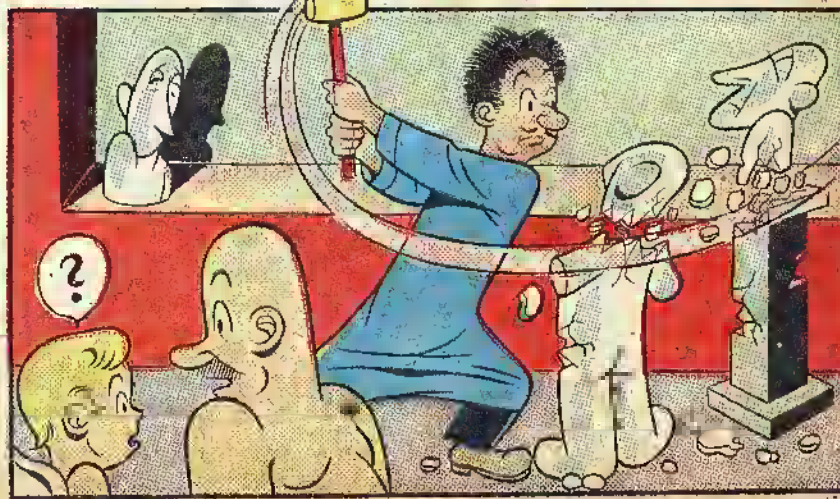
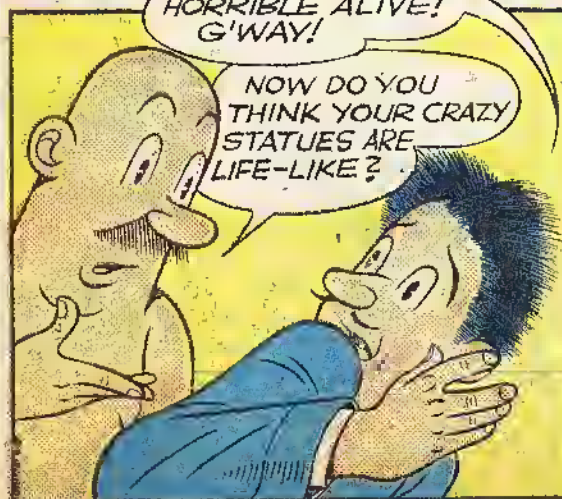
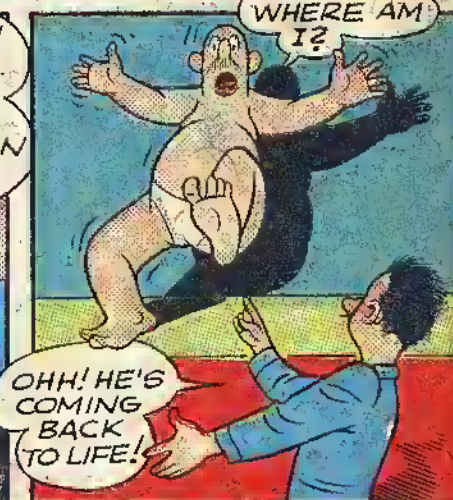
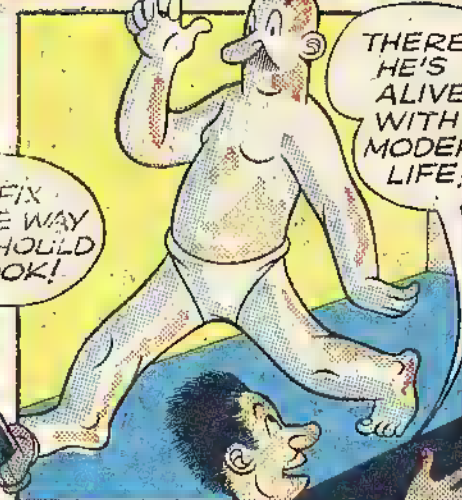
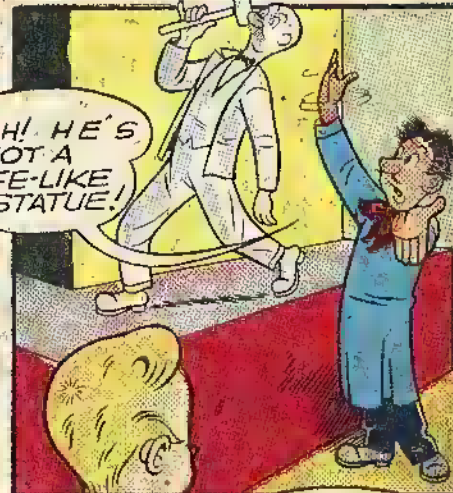
HE AIN'T STUPID!

LET'S LOOK INTO THE STUDIO OF A SCREWY SCULPTOR

I HATE THIS MODERN ART! I HATE IT! TAKE THAT!



THE ARROW CONNECTS, THE MAN BECOMES SOLID WHITE MARBLE.



Prop POWERS

734
Lynn Byrd

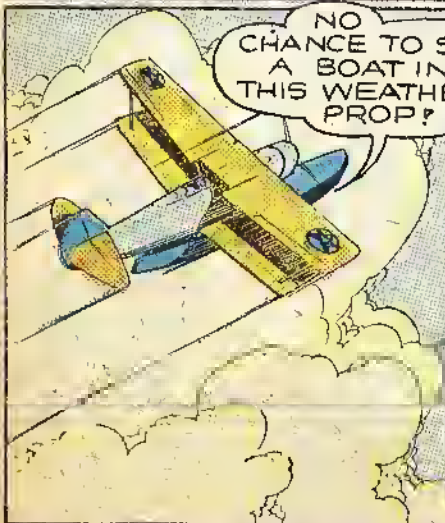


ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER OF THE U.S. COAST GUARD, PROP POWERS WITH HIS HILLBILLY CO-PILOT LANK, ZOOM OVER RAIDER-INFESTED WATERS TO KEEP THE SEA CLEAR FOR AMERICAN SHIPS.



SKIMMING THROUGH THICK FOG, PROP AND LANK HEAD BACK FROM PATROL TO THEIR AIR STATION ON THE BLEAK NEW ENGLAND COAST.

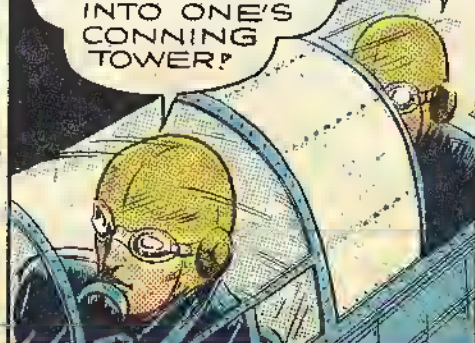
HIDDEN BEHIND THE GREY FOG AHEAD LIES A Q-BOAT, DISGUISED AS A FISHING SCHOONER.



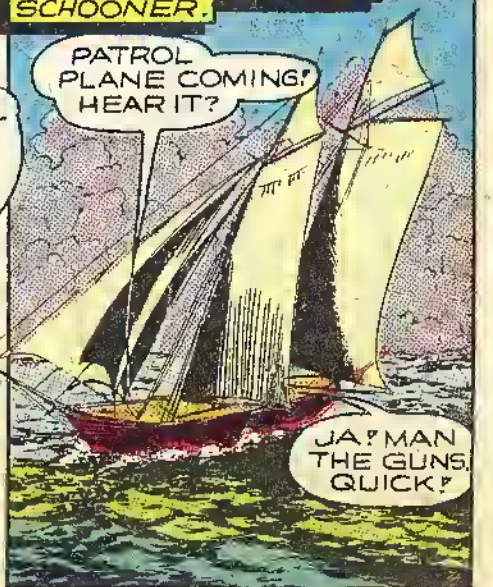
NO CHANCE TO SPOT A BOAT IN THIS WEATHER, PROP?

YOU SAID IT! THE ONLY WAY WE'LL FIND ONE IS BY CRASHING INTO ONE'S CONNING TOWER!

YEAH..YALL BETTER PULL UP THE SHIP SOME?



PATROL PLANE COMING! HEAR IT?



JA! MAN THE GUNS, QUICK!

THE GRIM SKIPPER AND HIS CORPSE-FACED HELMSMAN ARE FROZEN AT ATTENTION



STAND READY TO PUT ABOUT IN A HURRY, ERIK?

JA WOHL, HERR KAPITAN! WE'LL SHOW THESE YANKEE DOGS THAT WE RULE THE ATLANTIC?

SUDDENLY THE CAPTAIN WHIRLS, HIS CRUEL EYES RAKING THE MURKY SKY.

ALL HANDS ON DECK? WE'RE GOING TO BE ATTACKED BY THAT PLANE?

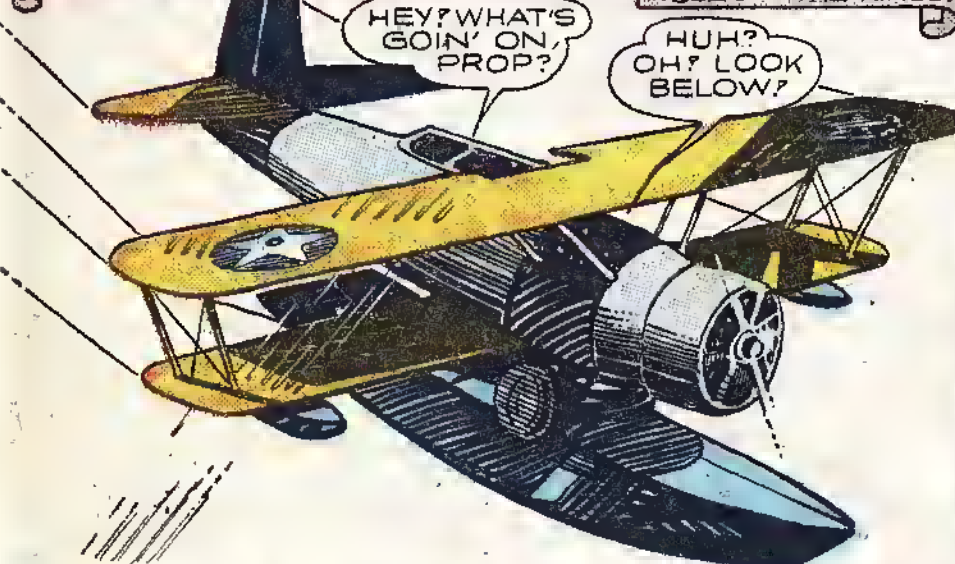


AT THE STERN COMMAND, DUMMY HATCHES SPRING OPEN, REVEALING POWER OPERATED MACHINE GUNS



FIRE ALOFT! HAMMER AWAY UNTIL YOU BRING DOWN THOSE AMERICANS?

PROP AND LANK ARE UNAWARE OF THEIR DANGER UNTIL TRACER BULLETS LANCE UPWARD, RIPPING JAGGED HOLES IN THE WINGS.



HEY? WHAT'S GOIN' ON, PROP?

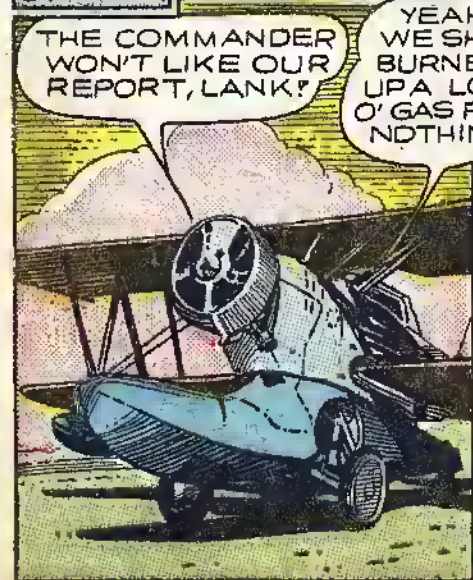
HUH? OH? LOOK BELOW?

A SECOND LATER, THEY ARE SAFELY OUT OF RANGE.



THAT WASN'T A U-BOAT, LANK.. OR WAS IT? I JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A BLACK HULL.. WE'D NEVER FIND IT IN THIS FOG SO I'M STILL HEADING FOR OUR BASE!

AMAZED BY THEIR EXPERIENCE, THE COAST GUARD FLIERS REACH THEIR AIR PATROL STATION



THE COMMANDER WON'T LIKE OUR REPORT, LANK?

YEAH? WE SHO' BURNED UP A LOT O' GAS FOR NOTHIN'?

IMMEDIATELY PROP TELLS HIS COMMANDER ABOUT THE ATTACK.



WHAT DO YOU THINK, SIR?

I'D SAY IT WAS A U-BOAT, PROP, AND WE'VE GOT TO SINK IT!

WE JUST PICKED UP AN "S.O.S." FROM A FREIGHTER EN ROUTE TO ICELAND. TORPEDO HIT HER STERN AND SHE'S SINKING. YOU MUST HAVE FLOWN NEAR THE SPOT!



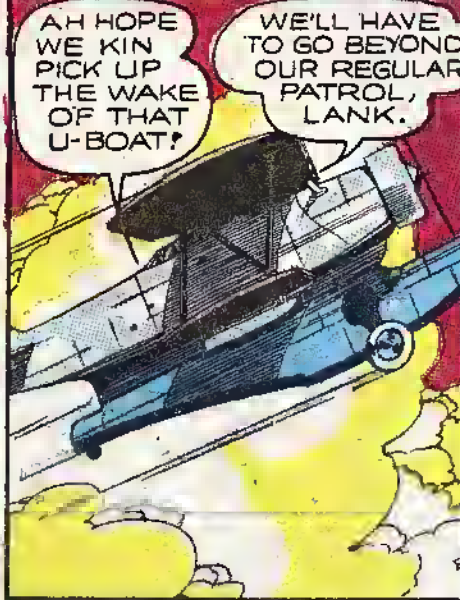
WHEN THE FOG LIFTS, PROP POWERS HASTENS TO THE HANGARS AND STOPS A MECHANIC.



BUT I GOT A HURRY CALL FROM THE LIFE SAVING STATION?

FORGET IT! GAS UP MY PATROL PLANE, QUICK.

PROP RETURNS WITH LANK AND THEY THUNDER SKYWARD..



AH HOPE WE KIN PICK UP THE WAKE OF THAT U-BOAT?

WE'LL HAVE TO GO BEYOND OUR REGULAR PATROL, LANK.

AN HOUR FLASHES BY BEFORE THEY ZOOM OVER THE TWIN BEACONS OFF BARNACLE SHOALS.



LIFEBOAT BELOW WITH SURVIVORS.



COAST GUARD PATROL? WE CAN SEND THEM AFTER THAT RAIDER. TAKE THE FLAGS, WEBB?

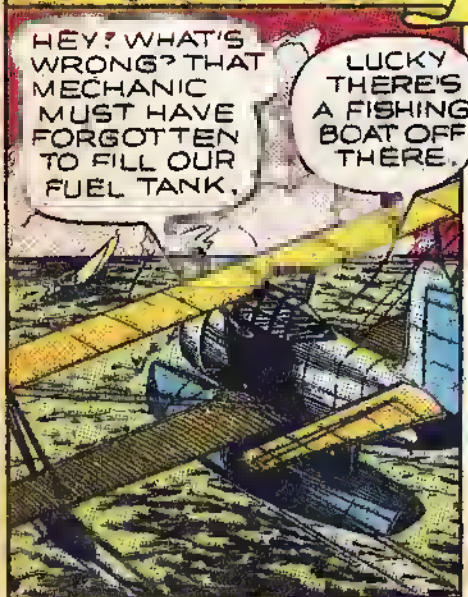


THEY'RE CIRCLING.. I'LL SEMAPHORE THE Q-BOAT'S APPROXIMATE POSITION.



DID YOU GET THAT LANK? THEY WANT US TO HEAD NOR-EAST AND CATCH THE RAIDER. WITH PLEASURE!

PROP DRIVES HIS SHIP AT TOP SPEED UNTIL THE ENGINE SPUTTERS OMINOUSLY.



HEY? WHAT'S WRONG? THAT MECHANIC MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO FILL OUR FUEL TANK.

LUCKY THERE'S A FISHING BOAT OFF THERE.



THE PATROL PLANE GLIDES DOWN WITHIN RANGE OF THE Q-BOAT'S GUNS.

THAT COAST GUARD SHIP AGAIN? HEAVE TO AND FIRE!

AS THE FLIERS CRAWL OUT TO SIGNAL WHAT THEY THOUGHT WAS A FISHING BOAT, BULLETS WHISTLE BY THEIR HEADS.

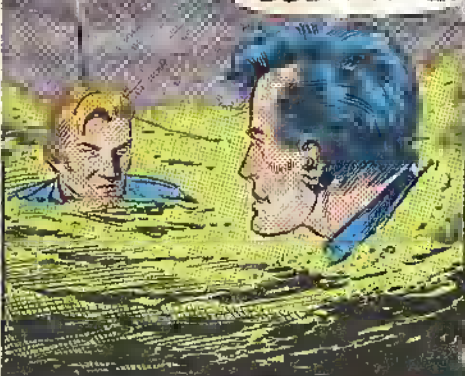


OVER-BOARD, QUICK!

IN A FLASH PROP AND LANK ARE UP TO THEIR NECKS.

CREEPIN' CATFISH? WHAT GOES ON?

WE MADE TWO MISTAKES, LANK. THAT CRAFT IS NO FISHING BOAT.. IT'S THE RAIDER WE THOUGHT WAS A SUBMARINE!



TRACER BULLETS CAUSE THE VAPOR LEFT IN THEIR EMPTY FUEL TANK TO EXPLODE.



SO THEY HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BECOME CAPTIVES ABOARD THE Q-BOAT.



STUPID YOUNG FOOLS! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD OUTWIT US?

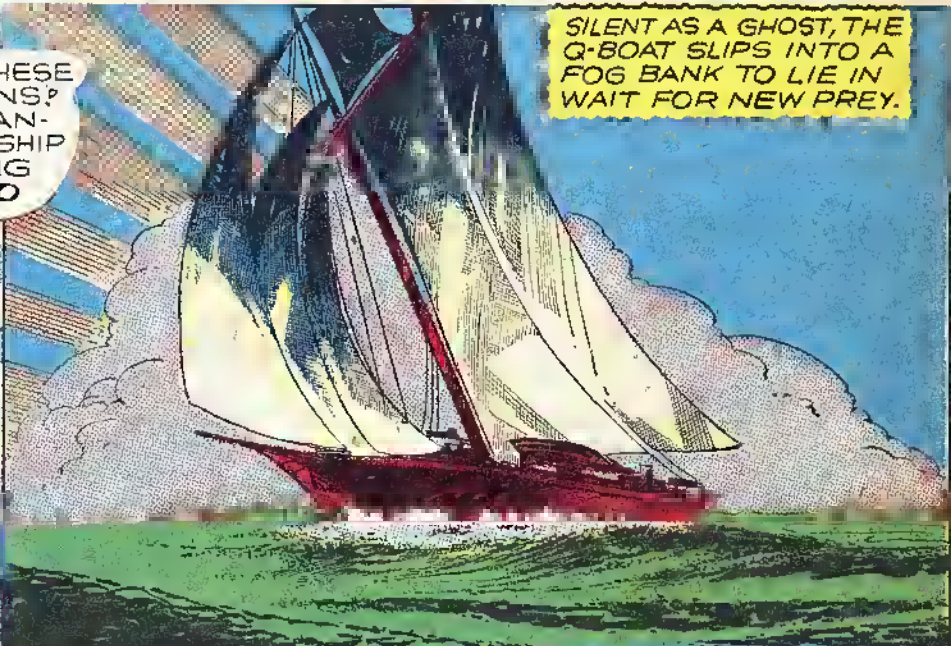
BAH! YOU'VE NOTHIN' BUT A CREW OF SNEAKING RATS!

SNARLING THE CAPTAIN SHOUTS FOR HIS GUARDS.

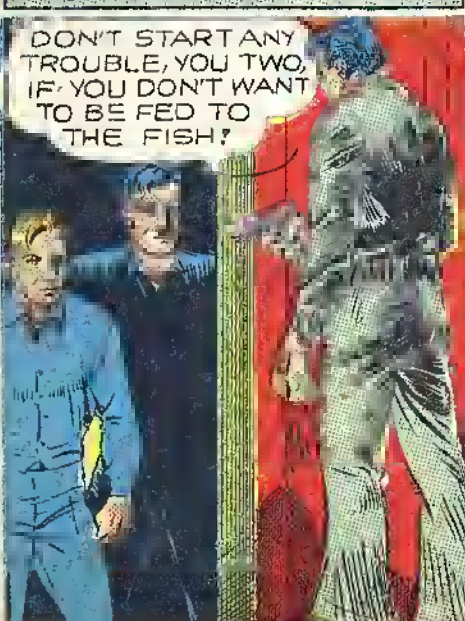
LOCK UP THESE AMERICANS? THERE'S ANOTHER SHIP HEADING TOWARD US.



SILENT AS A GHOST, THE Q-BOAT SLIPS INTO A FOG BANK TO LIE IN WAIT FOR NEW PREY.



MEANWHILE PROP AND LANK ARE FORCED INTO THE BRIG.



DON'T START ANY TROUBLE, YOU TWO, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE FED TO THE FISH!

BUT THE INSTANT THEIR CAPTOR STARTS TO LOCK THEM IN, THEY THROW THEIR WEIGHT AGAINST THE PANEL.



WILL HE BE SURPRISED?

HIT IT HARD, LANK?

WITH A LOUD THUD, THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN AGAINST THEIR JAILER.



HERE WE COME?

UGH!



THAT'S RIGHT, LANK. LOCK HIM UP AND FOLLOW ME TO THE TORPEDO ROOM.

TORPEDO TUBES ON THIS HEAVY SHIP? WHY O' COURSE! SHO'NUFF!



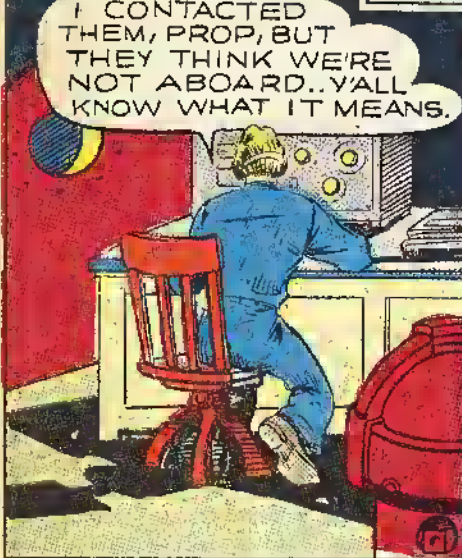
PROP CLEARS THE WAY WITH JAW-BREAKING BLOWS



AS LANK RUSHES INSIDE THE FORWARD HOLD, PROP WHIRLS ABOUT AND SPINS THE WHEEL TO LOCK THE WATER-TIGHT HATCH.

THIS'LL KEEP THE OTHERS OUT WHILE I FIRE THE TORPEDOES. HOP TO THAT RADIO, LANK!

THE HILLBILLY FLASHES A FAST WARNING TO THE APPROACHING SHIP.



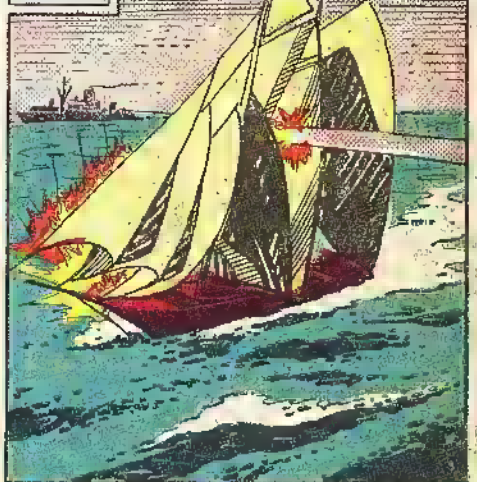
I CONTACTED THEM, PROP, BUT THEY THINK WE'RE NOT ABOARD..Y'ALL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.

ON BOARD THE AMERICAN SHIP, THE CAPTAIN BARKS A CURT ORDER.

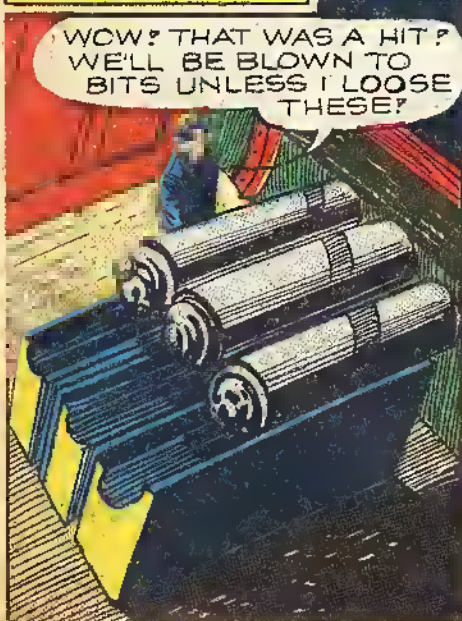


MAN THE FORWARD GUN! THAT SCHOONER IS A Q-BOAT!

A THREE-INCH DECK GUN ON THE FREIGHTER'S BOW THROWS A SHELL INTO THE Q-BOAT'S HULL



PROP HASTILY SETS THE TORPEDO VALVES.



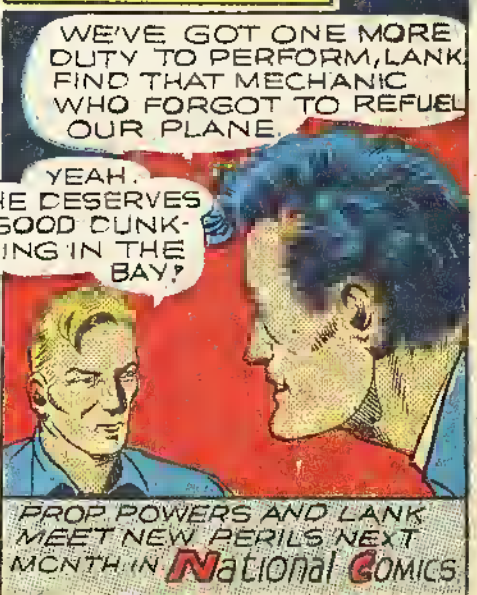
WOW! THAT WAS A HIT! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS UNLESS I LOOSE THESE!

BUT AS THE TORPEDOES SWISH HARMLESSLY AWAY THE Q-BOAT'S SKIPPER SURRENDERS.



AHOY THERE! CEASE FIRING! YOU'LL SINK US!

HOURS LATER, THE FREIGHTER LEAVES PROP, LANK AND THE CAPTIVE Q-BOAT CREW AT THE COAST GUARD STATION.



WE'VE GOT ONE MORE DUTY TO PERFORM, LANK. FIND THAT MECHANIC WHO FORGOT TO REFUEL OUR PLANE.

YEAH. HE DESERVES A GOOD DUNKING IN THE BAY!

PROP POWERS AND LANK MEET NEW PERILS NEXT MONTH IN **National Comics**



The incessant wail of fog horns echoes through the grim corridors of Alcatraz Federal Prison on the bleak, rocky island in San Francisco Bay. America's worst public enemies tossed on their hard cots and cringed at the passing shadows of the alert guards. There was a bitter chill in the air and the convicts put from their minds the story that has been passed around about the newcomer.

For such was the habit among convicts on nights when the thick fog rolled in from the Pacific. All their brooding schemes were swept away by the heavy grey mist and to a man their brains revolved around one matter alone. That matter was their unanimous hatred of the wave-washed walls where they were destined to spend the rest of their natural lives.

But the newcomer who had been the object of their curiosity was not a man to waste time brooding over his fate. As Jim Moran, ace of confidence men, he had earned a notorious reputation as a keen and sane if not honest thinker.

With only a week behind the bars Jim Moran was already confident that his escape plans were perfect. Tonight, with the blanket of fog and the screaming notes of passing ships, was as good as a night could be.

Jim's deft fingers had easily slipped the cartridge from a guard's belt, and now he was fitting this thirty-eight special shell in the space below the electrically controlled bolt which locked his cell door.

Moran was wearing only one heavy prison boot. The other he held in his hand, examining the large nails in the heel. "This will do the trick like nobody's business," he thought slyly.

A quick flick of Moran's wrist brought the edge of the heel down on the cartridge's cap. This brought a sharp, loud roar which was soon followed by the rapid pounding of foot-

steps. Guards streamed past Moran's cell. The confidence man watched them from his hard cot, and when one of them stopped at his cell door, he raised himself wearily on an elbow and whined, "What's all the racket about?"

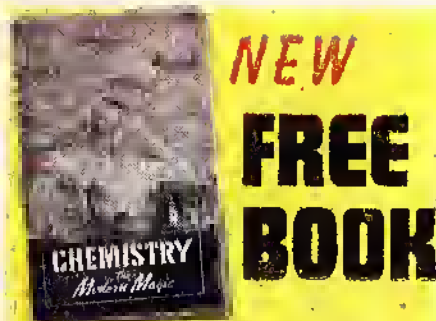
The guard muttered something under his breath, then a moment later Jim Moran heard the voice of the head turnkey shout: "All clear. It was just a short-circuit in the fuse box."

An hour later, when the guards were on regular patrol, Jim Moran threw a blanket over his head and pushed slowly through his cell door. Pieces of the broken lock tinkled on the cement floor. He kicked them aside and fleet as a shadow made his way to the end of the corridor. There he waited by a stainless steel door until it was opened by the new guard who came on at midnight. Before the guard knew what was happening, Jim Moran had bowled him off his feet and had a grip on the man's throat which choked off any outcry.

A moment later Gentle Jim, as he was sometimes called, tapped the guard's skull with the butt of the man's revolver. Nimble he changed clothes with the guard and rolling the fellow into a corner where he wouldn't be noticed from the peep hole at the main door, Moran quickly made his way into the blacked-out mess hall.

There was a sheet metal ventilator in the ceiling fifteen feet above the floor. To most convicts this would have presented an insurmountable difficulty. But Jim Moran cleverly placed two benches on end atop one of the long tables, scrambled gingerly up and with the split-second before the benches clattered down, he made a nimble leap and caught hold of the open vent. Hanging on with his left hand, he pried the thin metal loose and crawled out onto the flat roof.

"So far, so good!" Moran chuckled



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as he wriggled along on his belly. At the edge he stopped to watch the guards with their automatic rifles held in readiness as they paced to and fro across the outer wall. Large floodlights melted the fog along the walls, but Jim Moran wasn't afraid of the lights. He dropped from the mess hall roof and ran through the shadows in the yard to a small door which led to the guard tower at the north end of the wall. No one would ever think of trying to escape by coming as close as possible to the guards. That is, no one but Jim Moran.

The door opened on stairs which led to the tower, and Moran mounted the steps without an instant's hesitation. He sprang upon the guard in the wall tower before the man could turn on his stool. Then Jim Moran's strong fingers had a death grip on the fellow's throat. He held on until the guard's face turned blue. Then he slipped out onto the wall when the guard on wall duty had his back to him.

Then, Jim Moran did another strange thing. Instead of jumping off the wall to the sea-washed rocks below, he made a fifteen yard dash across the wall. When the guard started to

turn, Jim Moran used the momentum of his dash in a reckless leap for the sea.

Missing the jagged rocks by scant inches, Jim Moran hit the water with a clean dive. His body came to the surface quickly.

Suddenly Jim Moran's face turned white. His arms and legs floundered helplessly. All his plans had worked out perfectly. He had escaped from the world's best-guarded prison, the great hulk of stone and steel from which no man had ever escaped alive.

Jim Moran tried to scream for help as tracer bullets drilled the frothing water around him, but the water poured into his mouth to halt the attempt.

Jim Moran had forgotten one vital point when he had made his plans. When the guards fished his bullet-ridden body ashore, one of them muttered: "What happened to this guy? Why didn't he swim out a few strokes where the fog would have covered him?"

Another guard replied: "I kept shooting at him. He didn't take a single stroke. I don't think Moran knew how to swim!"

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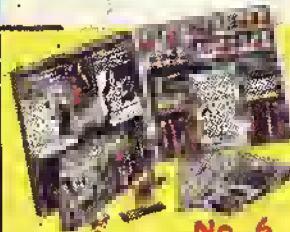


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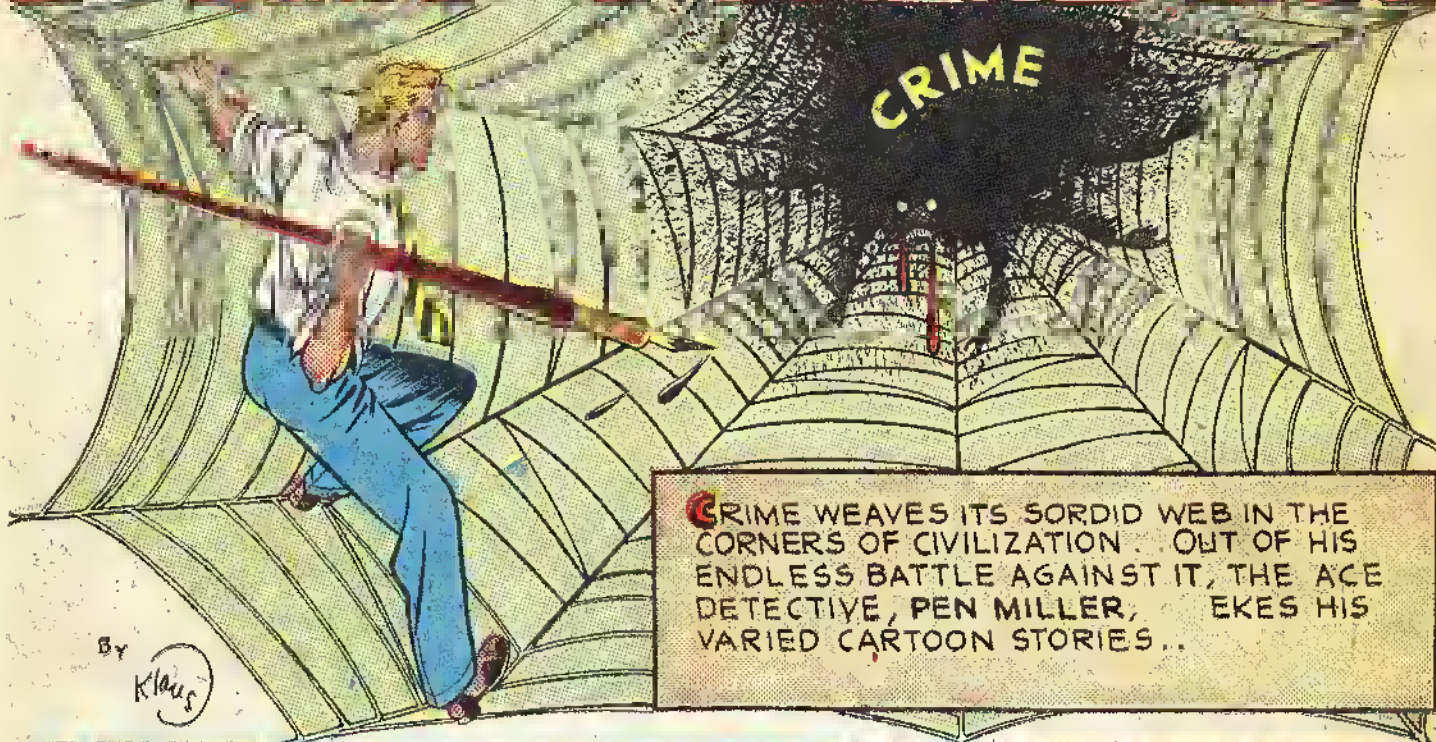
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PEN MILLER



By Klaus



THERE ONE DAY, A FRIGHTENED GIRL CONFRONTS PEN...

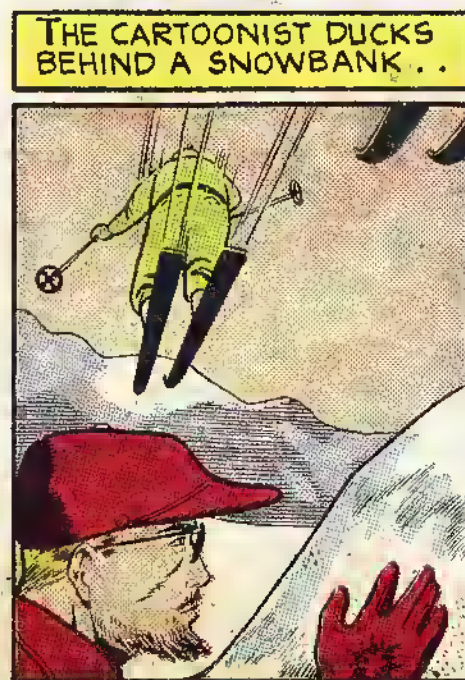
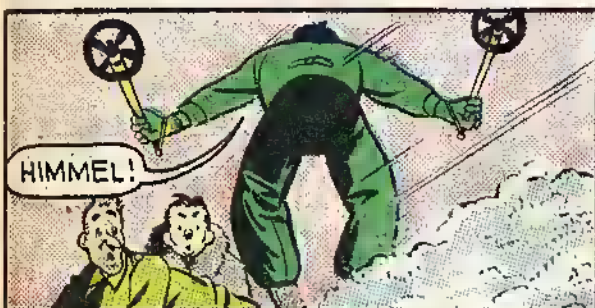
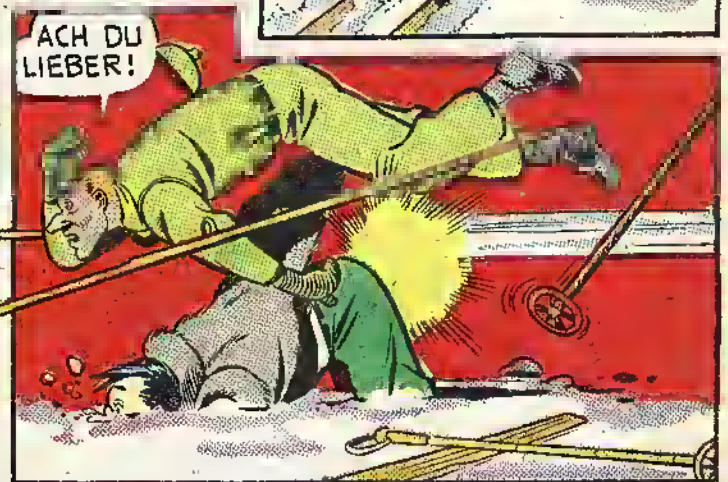
MY FATHER HAS VANISHED! HE'S ENOCH SEIFER... PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF ---

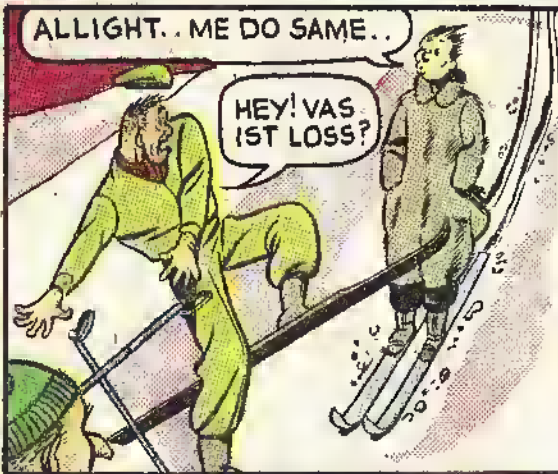
ENOCH SEIFER?... THE WELL KNOWN CODE EXPERT, ISN'T HE?

YES, HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO KNOWS THE SECRET ARMY AND NAVY CODES INSIDE OUT.

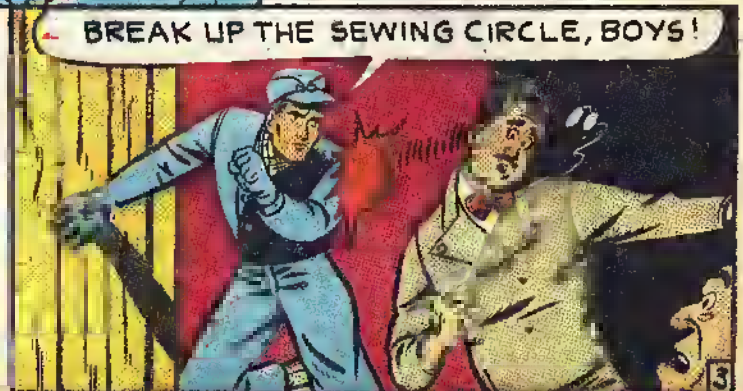
SOMEONE IS AFTER THE CODES, NO DOUBT!... MAY I BORROW YOUR FATHER'S CLOTHES, MISS SEIFER?

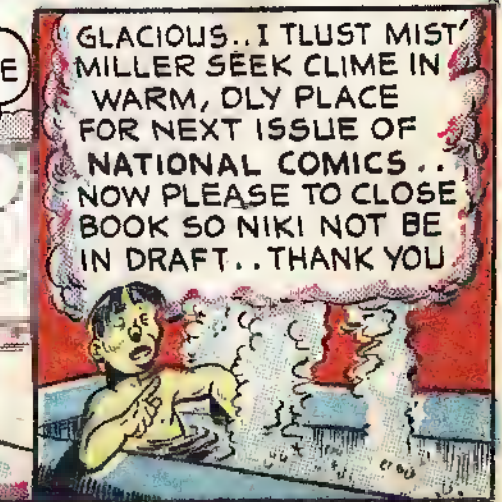
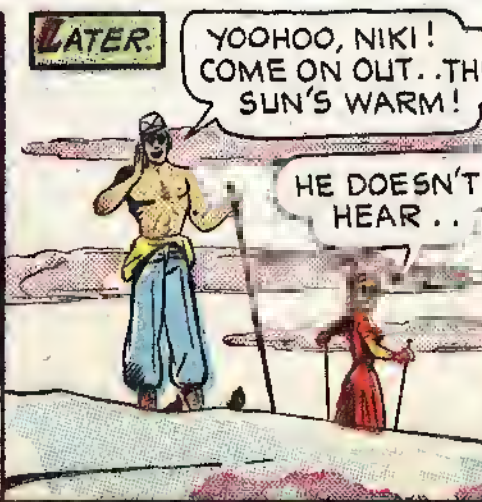
I'M GOING TO IMPERSONATE HIM, MISS. ONE OF HIS ASSAILANTS IS BOUND TO SPOT ME.





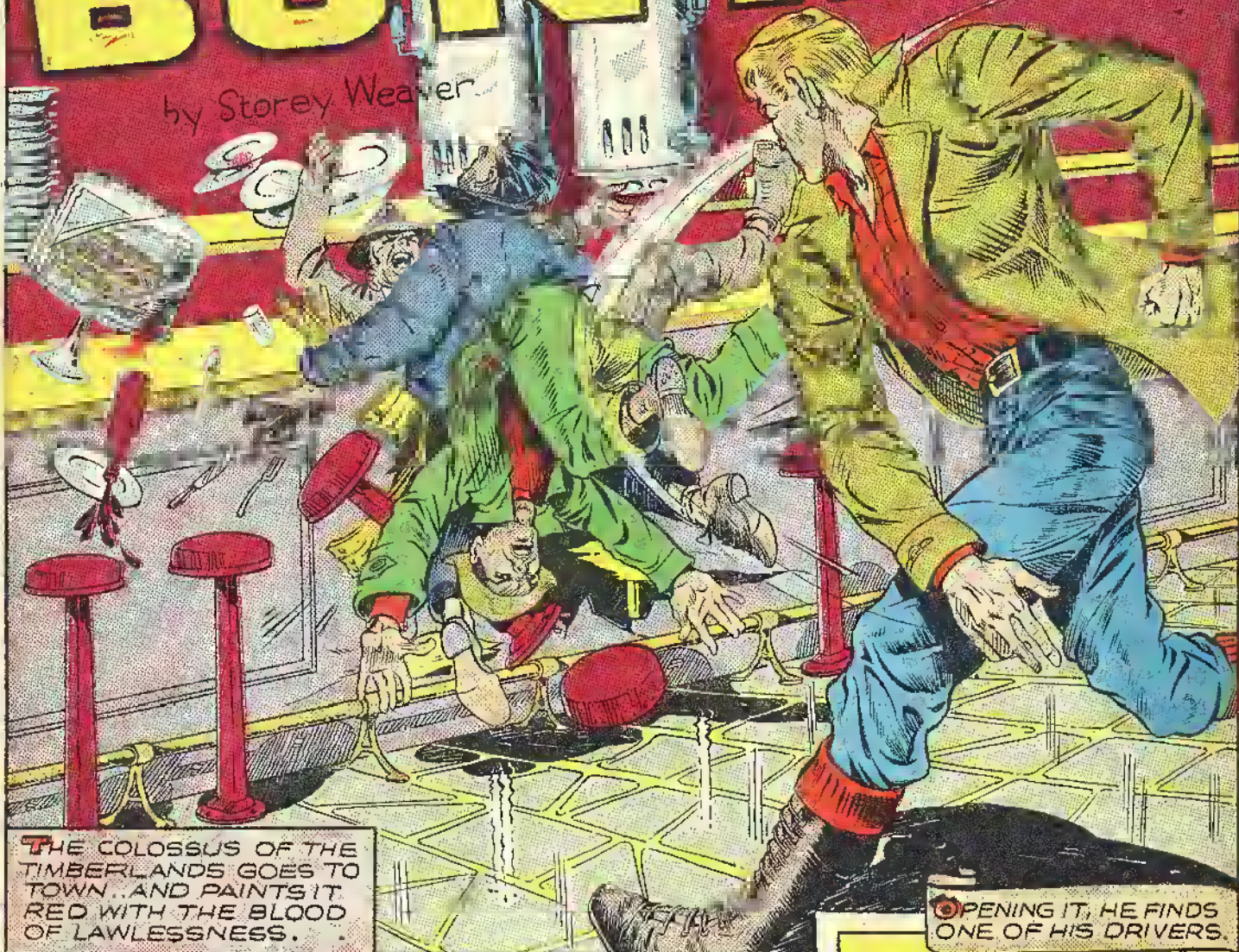
THE LITTLE ORIENTAL "KEEPS THEM OCCUPIED" FOR SOME TIME.





Paul BUNYAN

by Storey Weaver



THE COLOSSUS OF THE TIMBERLANDS GOES TO TOWN... AND PAINTS IT RED WITH THE BLOOD OF LAWLESSNESS.

OPENING IT, HE FINDS ONE OF HIS DRIVERS.

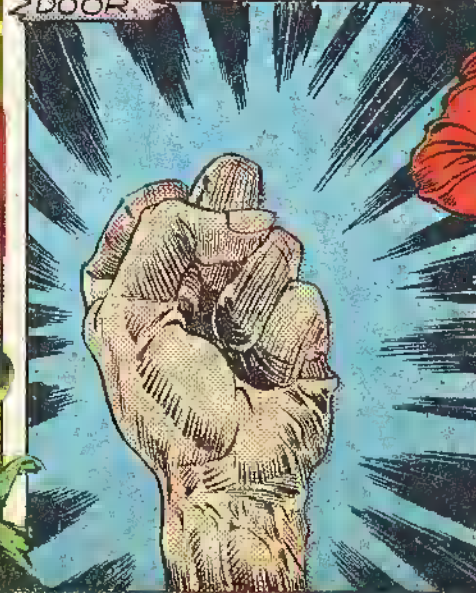
PAUL PAYS OFF HIS DRIVERS FOR THE SEASON'S WORK.

BUT TOWARD MORNING, PAUL IS AWAKENED BY A LOUD RAPPING ON HIS DOOR.

GO ON TO TOWN, BOYS... HAVE A GOOD TIME!

EH? PETE? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'VE BEEN ROBBED, BOSS. AN' ALL THE OTHERS TOO, DOWN AT CRIS'S DOG WAGON?



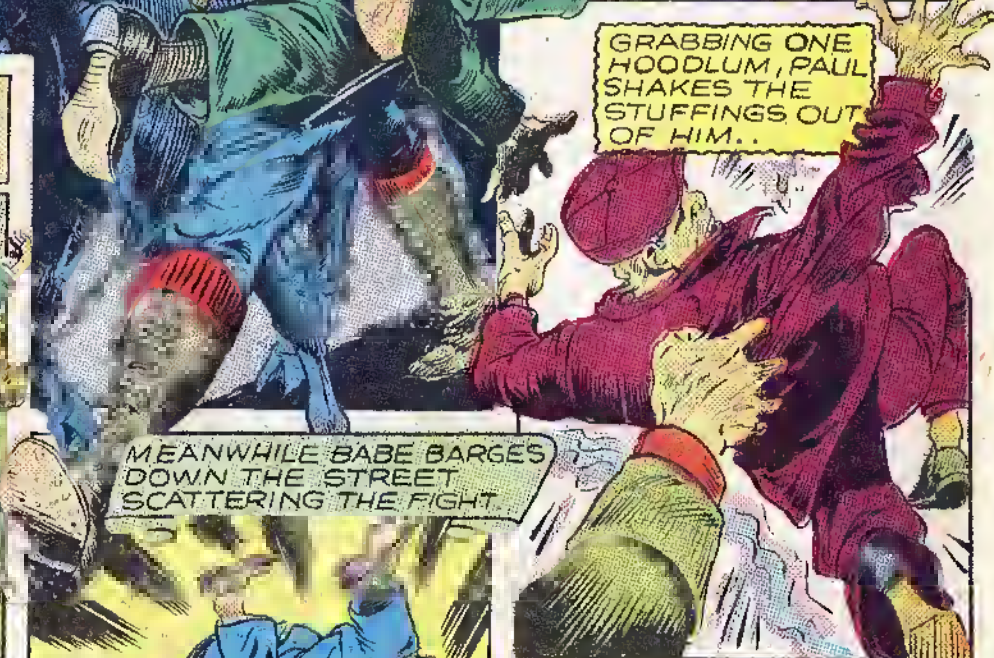
FURIOUSLY PAUL STRIDES TO TOWN, UPROOTING TREES, TOSSING ALL OBSTACLES ASIDE IN HIS ANGER.. BABE, HIS BLUE OX SNORTS ALONGSIDE.



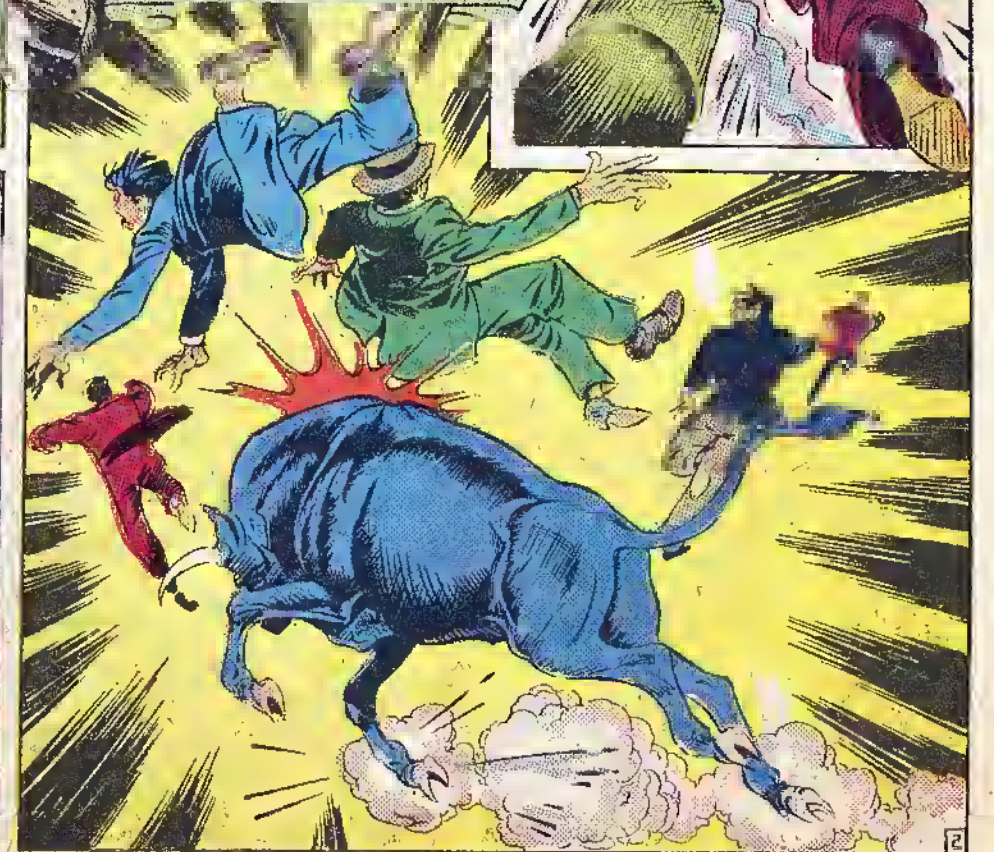
IN TOWN, A BLOODY BRAWL OVERFLOWS FROM CRIS'S DINER TO MAIN STREET.. PAUL WADES IN LIKE A ONE-MAN ARMY.



GRABBING ONE HOODLUM, PAUL SHAKES THE STUFFINGS OUT OF HIM..



MEANWHILE BABE BARGES DOWN THE STREET SCATTERING THE FIGHT.

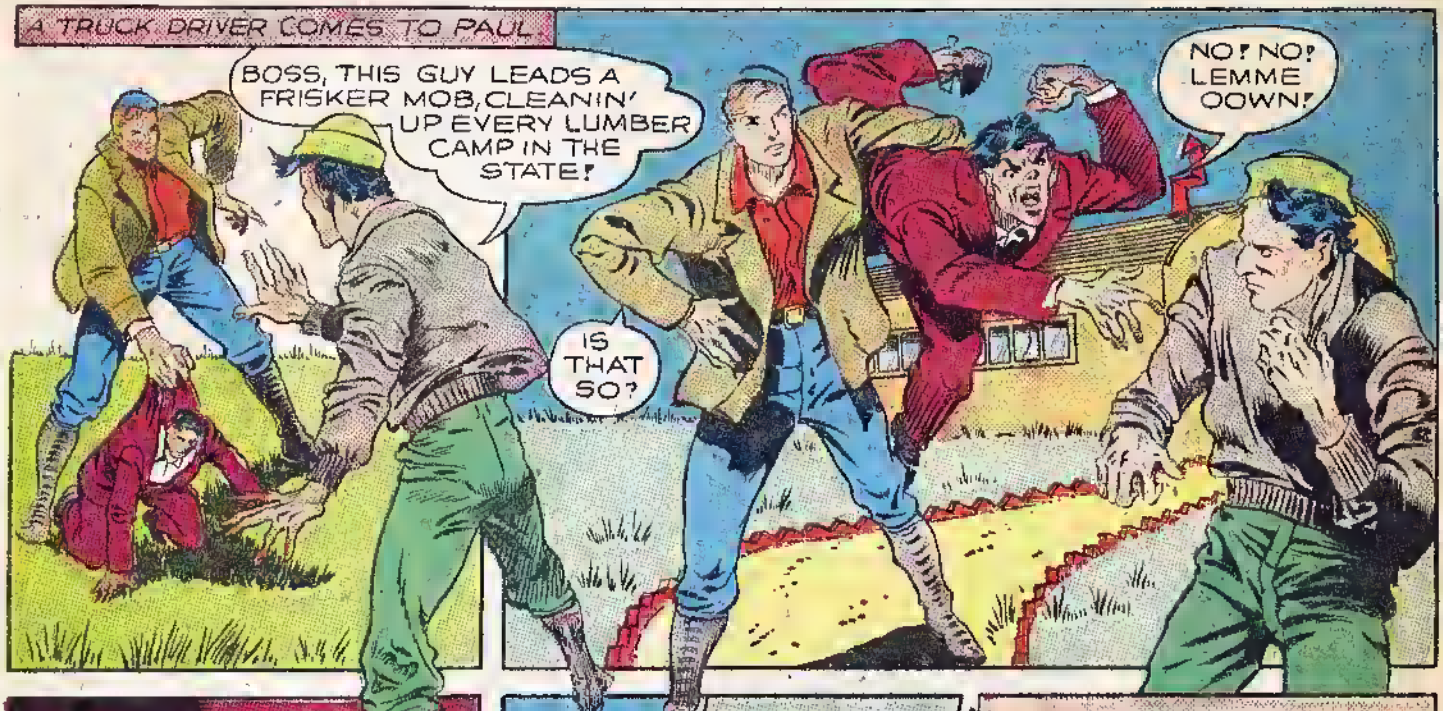


WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?? TALK, MAN, OR...

I AIN'T SAYIN' NOTHIN'.



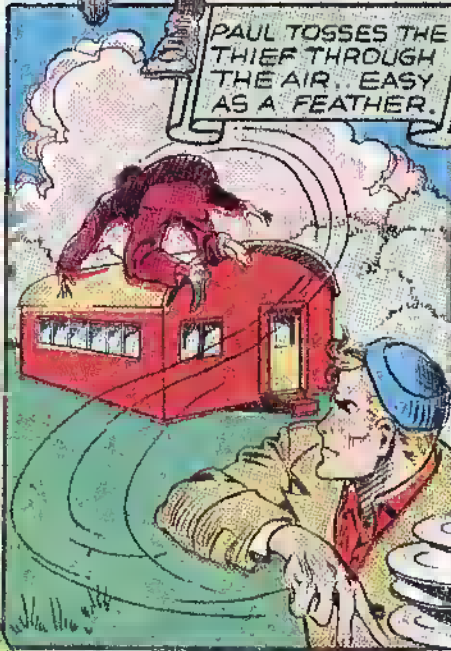
A TRUCK DRIVER COMES TO PAUL



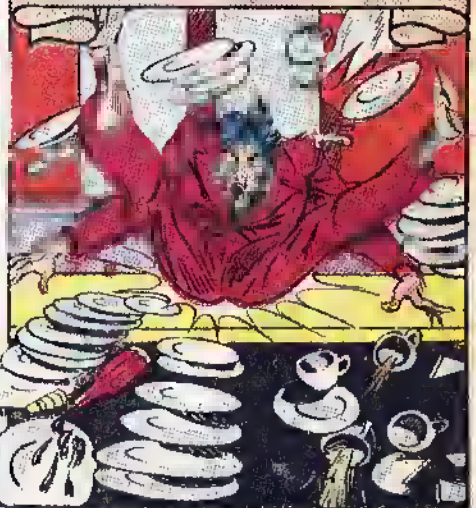
NOW I'M REALLY SORE.. AND THIS IS GOING TO BE THE END OF YOUR LITTLE GAME!



PAUL TOSSES THE THIEF THROUGH THE AIR, EASY AS A FEATHER.



CRASHING THROUGH THE DOG WAGON'S TIN ROOF, HE LANOS SMACK ON THE COUNTER IN A MESS OF COFFEE CUPS AND CATSUP.



SUDDENLY A REVOLVER MUZZLE IS POKED INTO PAUL'S BACK.



BUT BABE SEES THE ACTION AND CHARGES.



GORING THE GUNMAN INTO A SLIMY DITCH.

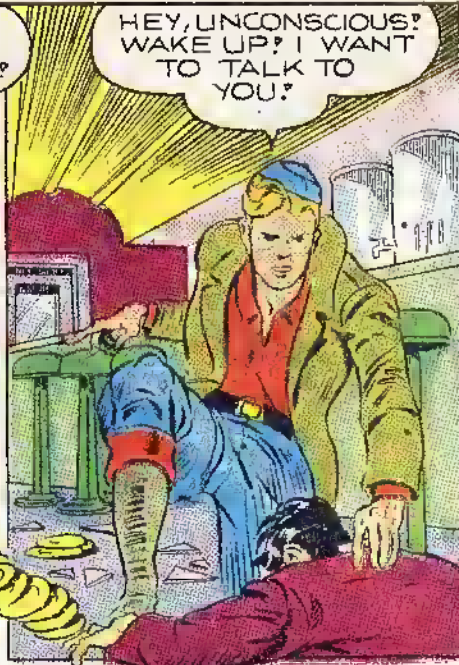


BY NOW THE FIGHT IS WELL UNDER CONTROL. PAUL LEAVES HIS DRIVERS TO FINISH IT.



I'M GOING TO INVAD... THAT DINER?

HEY, UNCONSCIOUS? WAKE UP! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU?



I'M UP.. S-STOP? OPEN THE ICE BOX AN' GET WHAT'S INSIDE?



PAUL OPENS THE HUGE BOX... OUT TUMBLES CRIS, THE DINER OWNER, HALF-FROZEN TO DEATH.



BABE STANDS READY TO CATCH THE CROOK THAT PAUL HURLS OUT.



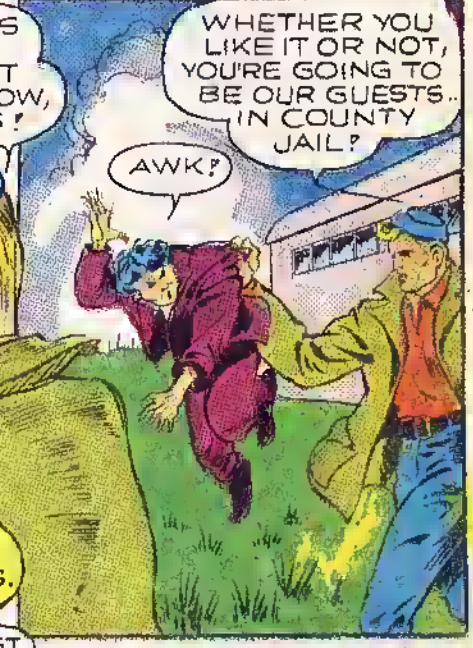
P-PAUL.. HE DID IT.. STOWED ME IN MY ICE BOX AN' SHOOK DOWN MY CUSTOMERS?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW, CRIS!



WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE GOING TO BE OUR GUESTS.. IN COUNTY JAIL?

AWK?



AND SOON THE COUNTY JAIL IS CLUTTERED WITH PAUL'S LATEST CONTRIBUTIONS.

WERE STUCK NOW!

I'D LIKE TO BRAIN THAT BOZO!

...JUST TRY IT.. BAH!



FROM NOW ON THOSE RATS KNOW BETTER THAN TO TANGLE WITH ME..OR MY DRIVERS.. OR ANYBODY ELSE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW?



ANOTHER PAUL BUNYAN ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH IN NATIONAL COMICS.

MISS WINKY

The All-American Girl

by
ARTHUR
BESIMAH

OH - WE ALWAYS
HAVE A WONDERFUL
TIME! YOU SIMPLY
MUST JOIN
US!

DON'T FORGET!
WE'LL BE
EXPECTING
YOU THIS
AFTERNOON!

OKAY -
I'LL BE
THERE!

THIS'LL CERTAINLY
BE SOMETHING
DIFFERENT
ANYWAY -

COULD YOU DIRECT
ME TO THE
SPORTING GOODS
DEPARTMENT?

OF COURSE,
WON'T YOU
STEP THIS
WAY PLEASE

SOMETHING
FOR OUTDOOR
ACTIVITY - I
PRESUME -
?

YES; IT'S FOR A
NEW SPORTS CLUB
I'M JOINING

NOT
THOSE -

--BUT OUR
SKI'S ARE
VERY
LOVELY!

YOU CAN HAVE
LOTS OF FUN
TOBOGGANING
OR SKATING

NOPE!

MADAME, I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT ELSE
I CAN SHOW
YOU--

THERE'S WHAT
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR -
THAT SWIM
SUIT!

BATHING SUIT IN THIS
WEATHER? BAH! I
WONDER WHAT SHE'S
GONNA DO WITH IT?

CUT A LITTLE
MORE OF THE
ICE AWAY AND
WE'LL HAVE
A BIGGER
POOL!

ISN'T THIS
EXHILARATING,
WINK?

HI-GANG!
ANYBODY
FROZEN
YET?

POLAR
BEAR
CLUB

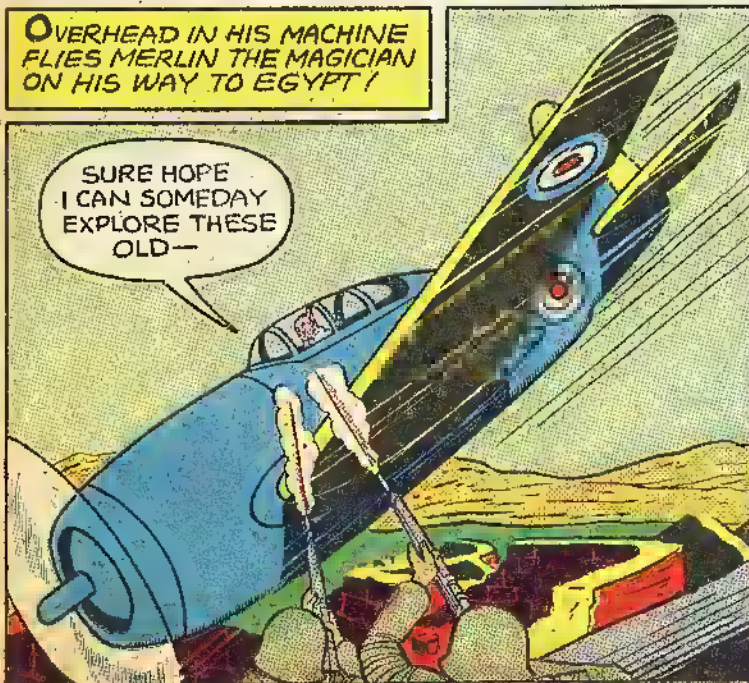
MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN



ONCE THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS, ROMANS, PERSIANS, BABYLONIANS, HITTITES, ASSYRIANS, AND EGYPTIANS, ...IRAQ TO-DAY SEES BRITISH, FRENCH, GERMANS, AND IRAQUIS FIGHTING FOR POSSESSION OF HER OIL FIELDS --- FROM BEHIND THE ANCIENT AND DESERTED RUINS OF NINEVEH, THREE NAZI SOLDIERS AIM AT A BRITISH AIRPLANE FLYING LOW.

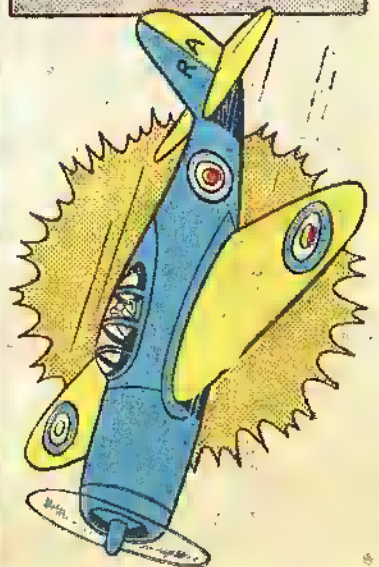
OVERHEAD IN HIS MACHINE FLIES MERLIN THE MAGICIAN ON HIS WAY TO EGYPT!



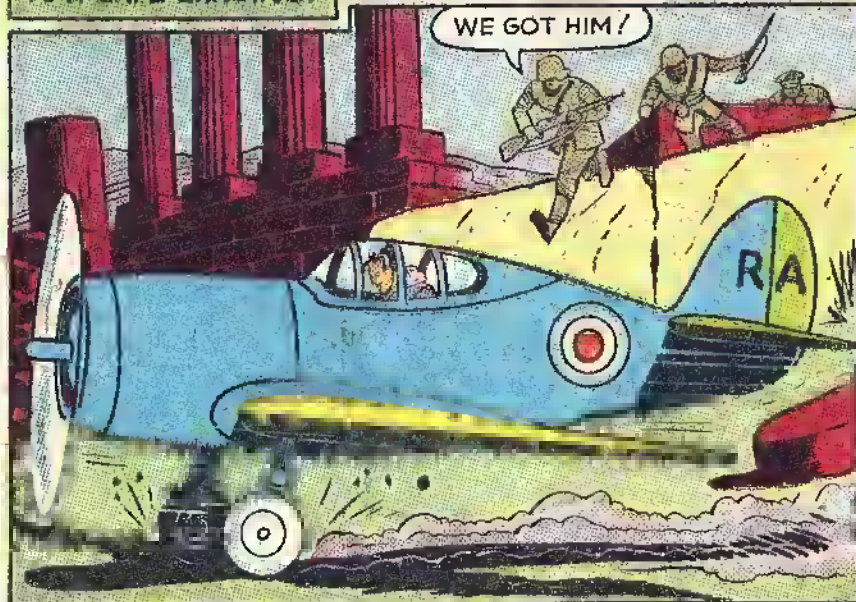
OW!



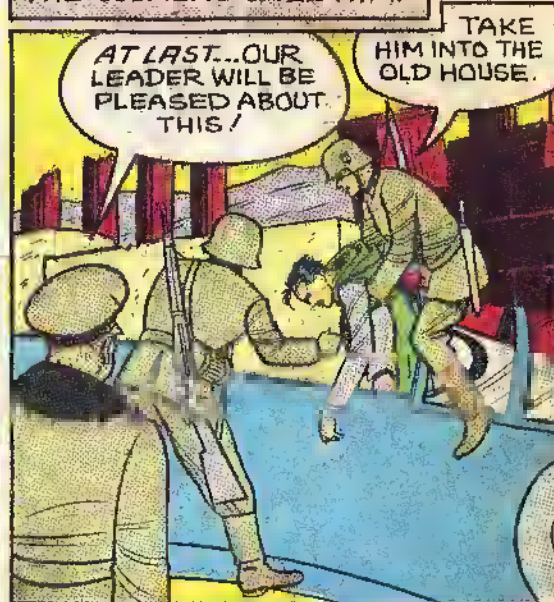
A WELL AIMED BULLET STRIKES MERLIN AND HIS PLANE FALLS OUT OF CONTROL!



THE WOUNDED MAGICIAN MANAGES TO GUIDE HIS PLANE TO A SAFE LANDING.



AS HE LARGES INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS THE SOLDIERS SEIZE HIM.



A LITTLE LATER MERLIN "COMES TO" AND FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER OF HIS ENEMIES!



SORRY TO HAVE SHOT YOU DOWN BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY. IT IS NOW MY UNPLEASANT DUTY TO KILL YOU!



CUT THE SOB STUFF AND GET IT OVER WITH!



QUICKLY A "POTATO MASHER" HAND GRENADE IS PLACED BESIDE THE MAGICIAN AND THE PIN PULLED!



BEAT IT - IN TEN SECONDS IT'LL EXPLODE AND BLOW HIM APART!



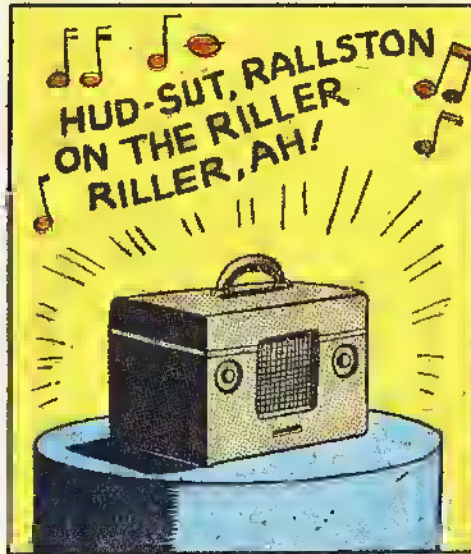
HELPLESS AND ALONE, MERLIN STARES AT THE DEADLY BOMB AS THE SECONDS TICK AWAY!



WEAKLY THE MAGICIAN MANAGES TO BLURT OUT A MAGIC SENTENCE.



INSTEAD OF EXPLODING, THE GRENADE TURNS INTO A PORTABLE RADIO PLAYING MUSIC!



PHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! BUT NOW MY POWER HAS RETURNED!



INSTANTLY MERLIN STANDS FREE OF HIS BONDS!



HTAILOG, WOH TUOBA GNIPLEH EM?



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND A FIGURE SLUMBERING DEEP IN THE RUINS SUDDENLY AWAKENS!



SUDDENLY BEFORE MERLIN STANDS THE BEHEADED FIGURE OF GOLIATH, ANCIENT WARRIOR OF THE PAST!



WELL, I WAS THE LOCAL CHAMP IN MY DAY UNTIL KID DAVID CAME ALONG AND CLONKED ME WITH HIS SLINGSHOT. AS YOU CAN SEE, HE ALSO SEPARATED ME FROM MY HEAD!



OKAY - PUT IT BACK ON YOUR SHOULDERS AND HELP ME AGAINST THESE NAZIS!



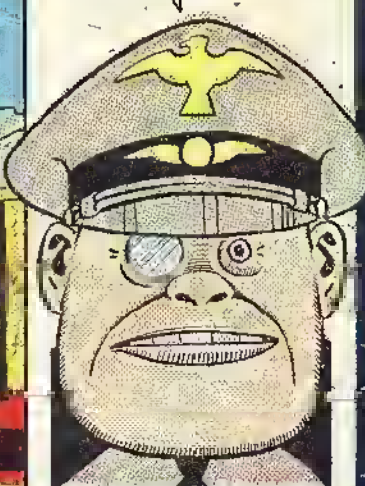
HMM - FEELS MORE LIKE IT!

MEANWHILE, AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE RUINS, THE THREE SOLDIERS CONFER!

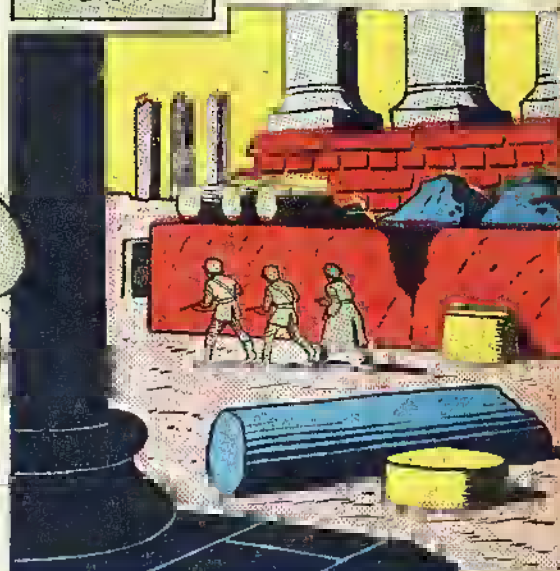


THAT GRENADE SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF A MINUTE AGO!

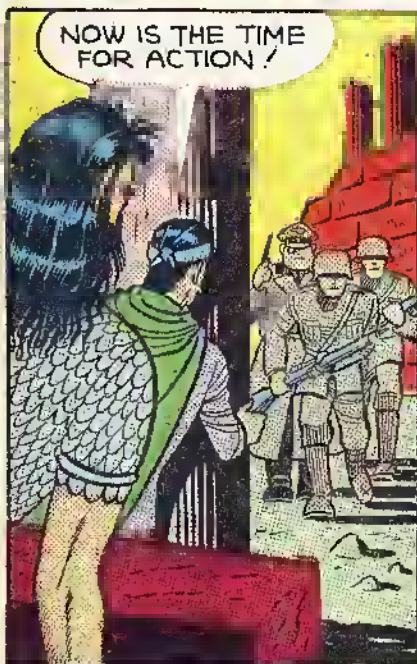
MUST HAVE BEEN A DUD! LOAD YOUR RIFLES AND WE'LL FINISH HIM OFF!



CAUTIOUSLY THE NAZIS APPROACH THE PLACE WHERE THEY LEFT THE MAGICIAN!



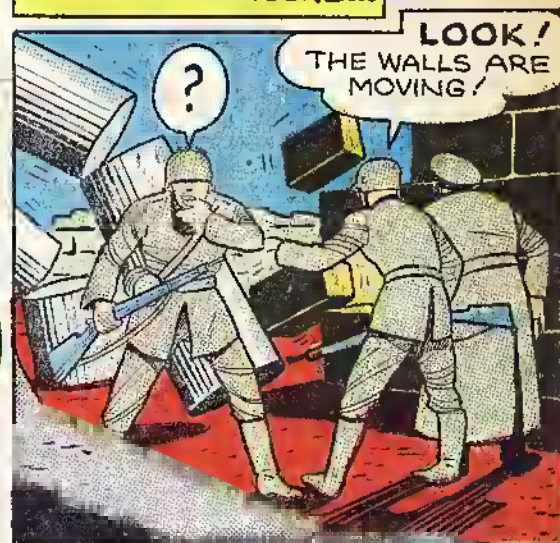
NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION!



HEVENIN, RAEPPA SA UOY DID NI EHT TSAP!

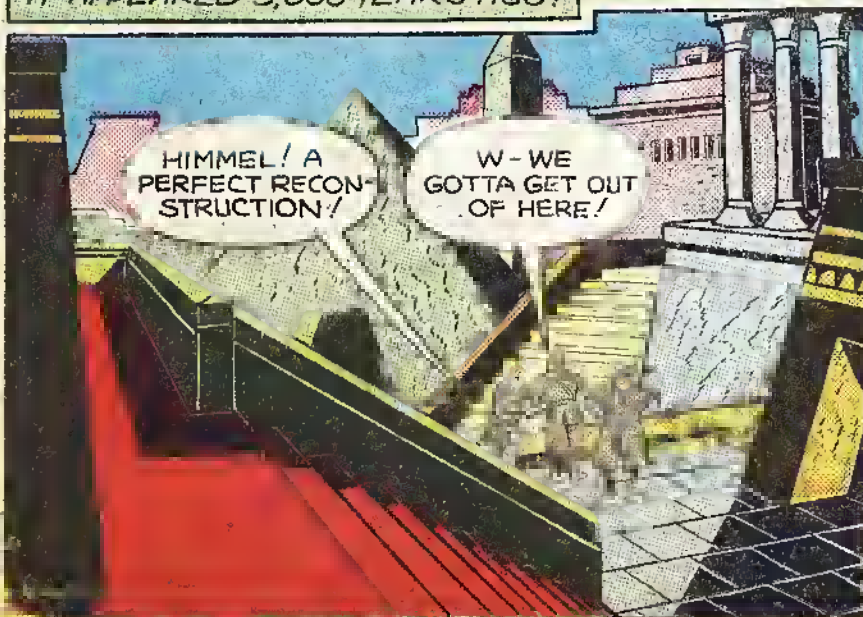


SUDDENLY IN FRONT OF THE STARTLED NAZIS THE ANCIENT RUINS BEGIN TO RAISE THEMSELVES FROM THE GROUND...



LOOK! THE WALLS ARE MOVING!

AND THE SOLDIERS FIND THEMSELVES IN NINEVEH AS IT APPEARED 5,000 YEARS AGO!



HIMMEL! A PERFECT RECONSTRUCTION!

W-WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

THERE'S GOLIATH! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?





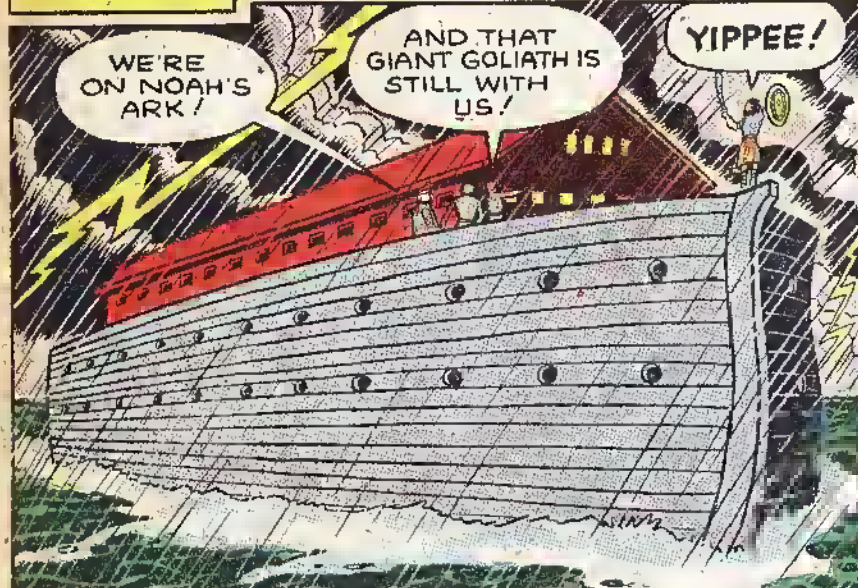
THE STARTLED NAZIS RUN FOR THE OPEN GATES OF THE CITY WALL



AS THEY RUN OUT OF THE ARCH THERE IS AN EXPLOSION!



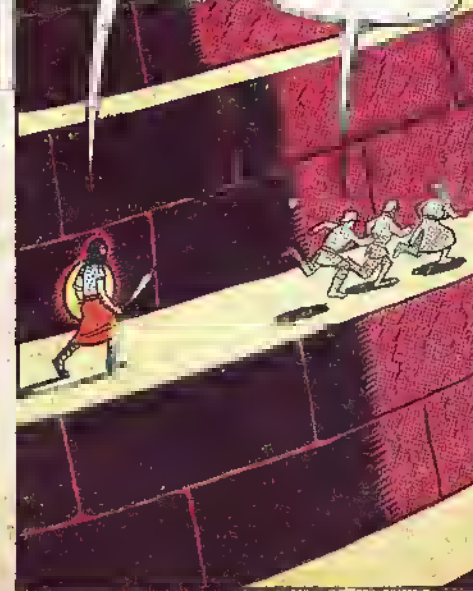
WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS THEY FIND THEMSELVES ON A LARGE BOAT!



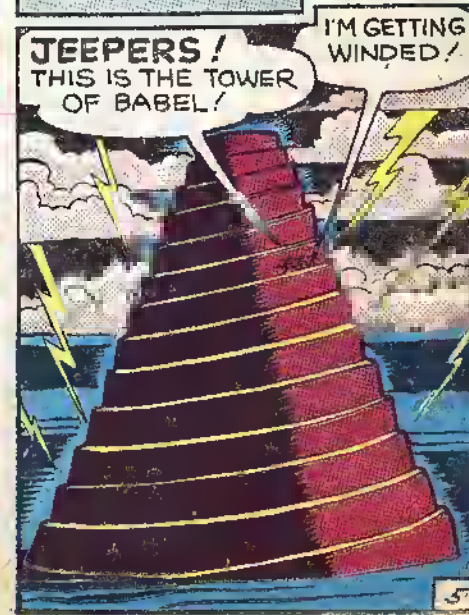
BUT INSTEAD OF LANDING IN WATER THEY LAND ON SOME HARD MASONRY!



YOU GUYS HAD ENOUGH? YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH US, BROTHER!



THE CHASE CONTINUES UP AN ANCIENT TOWER!



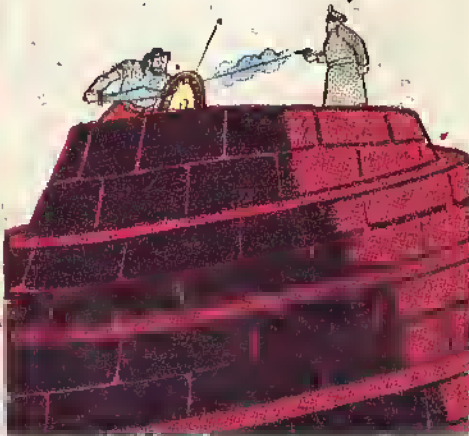
TWO OF THE NAZIS GIVE UP BUT THE THIRD CLIMBS UP AND UP!

A STUBBORN CUSS!



FINALLY THE PURSUED OFFICER REACHES THE TOP.

I STILL HAVE MY LUGER - HERE HE COMES!



AND THE TWO STRONG MEN STAND FACE TO FACE

SURRENDER OR DIE! IT'S YOUR LAST CHANCE!

I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE - SEIG HEIL!



BRAVELY THE NAZI OFFICER FIGHTS AS THEY GRAPPLE ON THE TOWER.

IT'S TIME TO RETURN TO THE DEAD AND YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!

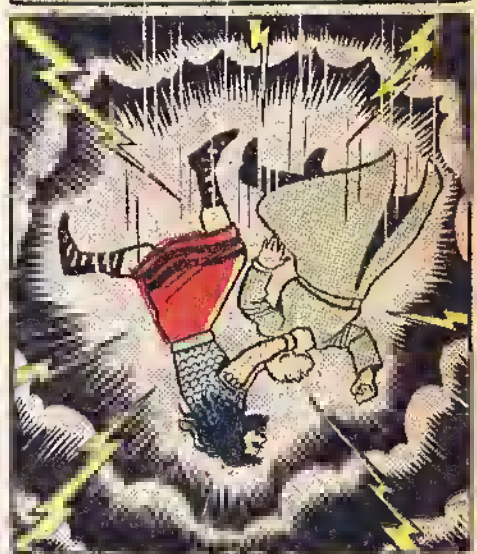


LUNGING FURIOUSLY THE GIANT DRAGS THE SOLDIER OVER WITH HIM!

GAA!

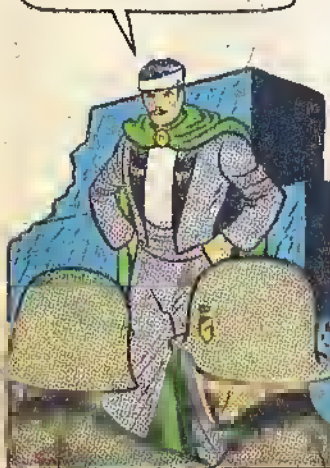


AS THEY FALL FROM THE TOWER OF BABEL THE STRUCTURE AND ALL DISSOLVE IN SMOKE!



THE TWO EXHAUSTED NAZIS FIND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED BY MERLIN!

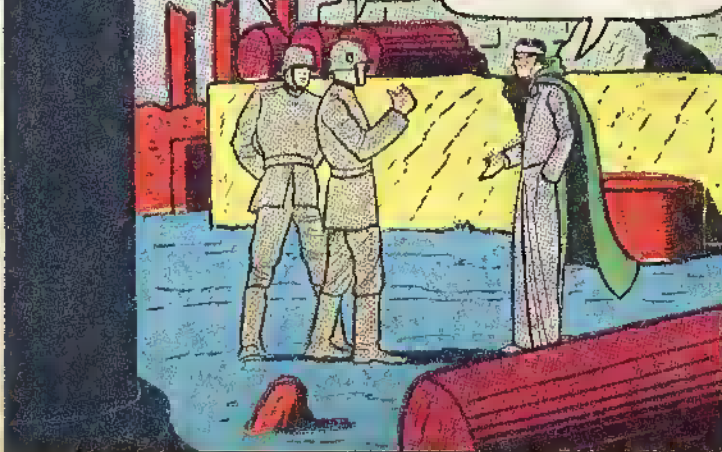
WELL, ARE WE GOING TO FIGHT OR NOT?



NOT WITH YOU, MERLIN. THE DEATH OF OBER-LIEUTENANT VON GOOL LEAVES US WITHOUT A COMMANDER!

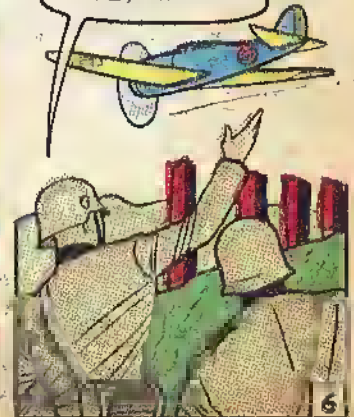
HECK! WE'RE TIRED OF FIGHTING AND KILLING. WE'D LIKE TO STAY HERE AND EXAMINE THESE RUINS WE STUDIED ABOUT IN HEIDLEBERG!

OKAY, FELLOWS, SEE YOU AGAIN!



SOON MERLIN IS IN THE AIR AGAIN SPEEDING AWAY ON HIS MISSION TO HELP OTHERS

HE'S SURE A SWELL MAGICIAN! LET'S GO OVER TO HIS SIDE!



READY for CHRISTMAS

MY BRAND ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on the face branded on the stock!"
—RED RYDER

RED RYDER

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1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

16 inch LEATHER SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this... or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring."
—AT NO EXTRA CHARGE, Padre!

WESTERN CARBINE RING!

"The real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3-foot cord thru the Ring and tie the other end in my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to the ground if she slides outa my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a ha-ha!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, fellers! Raise the Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim the small notch for target work... large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made the Front Sight GOLD-EN COLORED to remind yuh of the Golden West!"

GOLDEN- BANDED BARREL!

"Those glittery golden-colored bands round the muzzle and fore-piece look mighty purty... kinda like the real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold... the wood just snugs into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!"

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"Twist the magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without re-loadin' once!"

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SHOT REPEATER...
RED RYDER CARBINE

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